CUTTING UP WITH CHAD and JEREMY

PDC

TEEN LIFE

STERLING

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25c

Romantic Scoop!

JANET LENNON'S TRUE LUV!

Got a KINK in your heart?

DONNA LOREN:
WHAT SHE CAN'T TELL HER PARENTS

SHINDIG SWINGERS

3 EE-ZEE as PIE CONTESTS!

I WANNA KISS HIM!
KISS WHO?
HERMAN!
YOU CAN!

SOUPY'S OWN GIANT GIVEAWAY

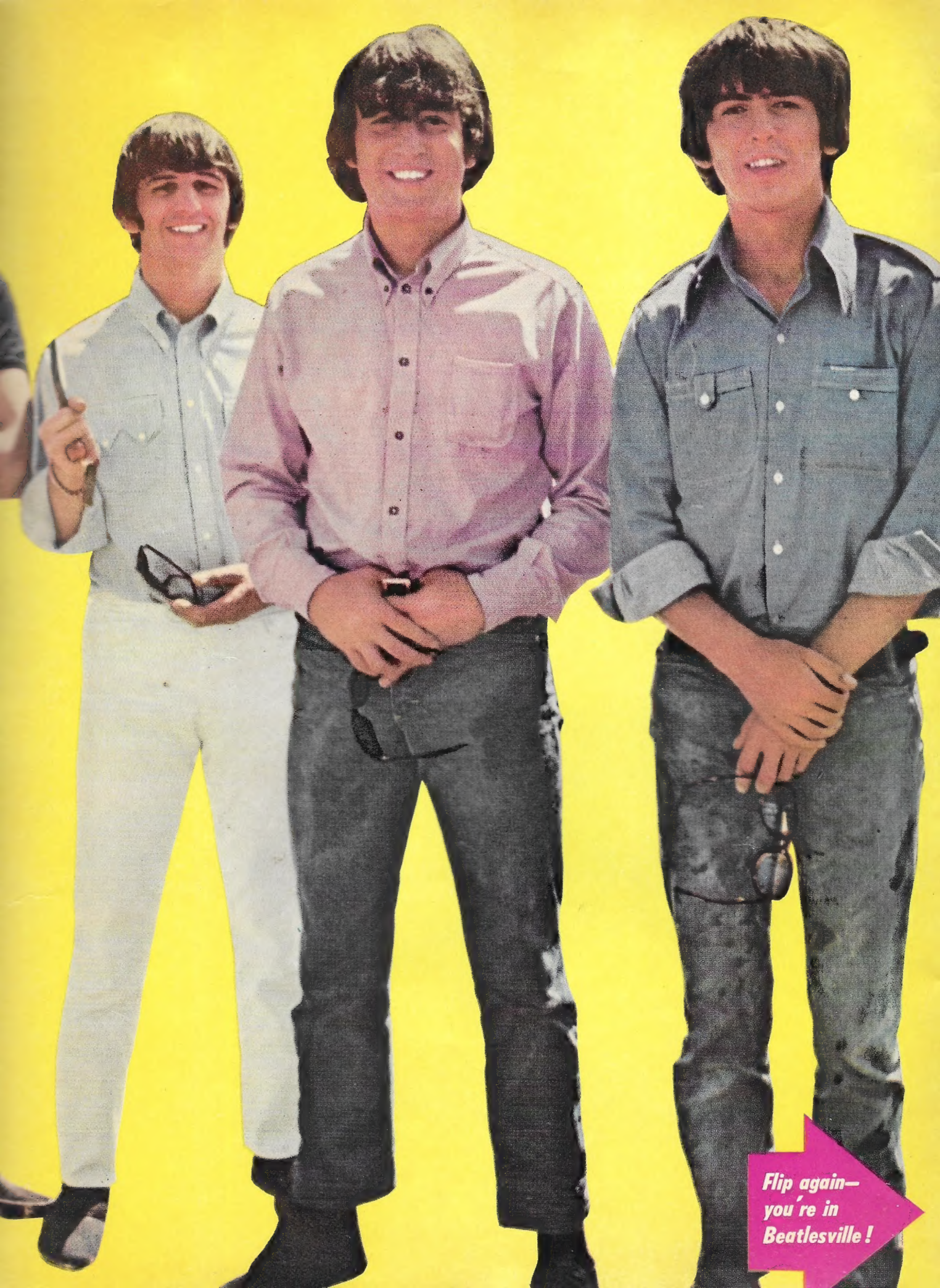
WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE U.N.C.L.E.? DAVID McCALLUM OR BOB VAUGHN?

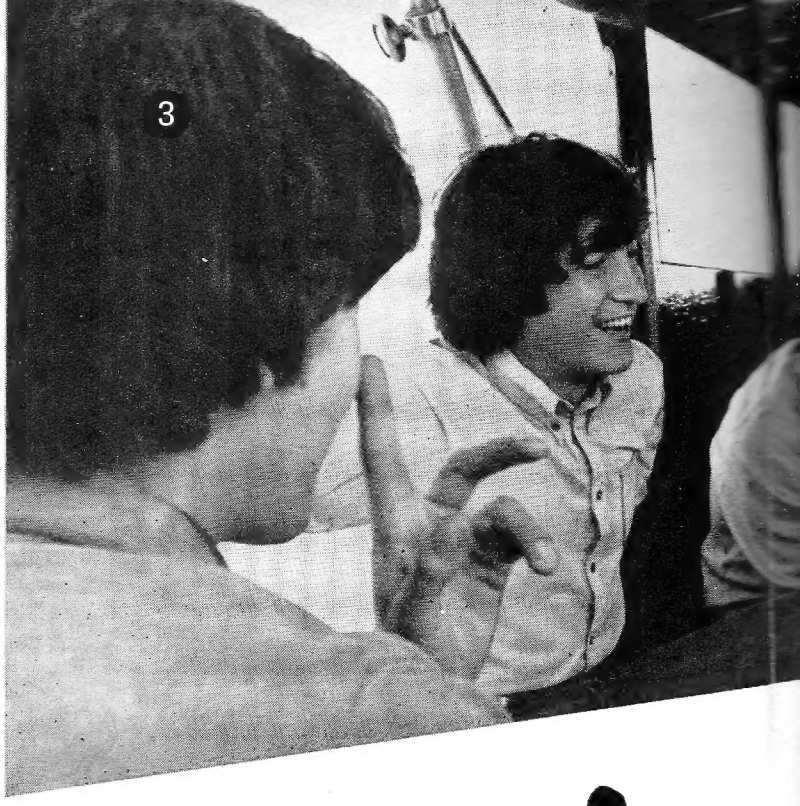
ROCK 'N' ROLLING WITH THE STONES

THE BEATLES TELL IT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING

All their secrets as you've never read them before

Go Into a Flip—Turn Flap!


Flip again—
you're in
Beatlesville!



- Now You're in

BEATLESVILLE...

THE BEATLES TELL IT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING...

TO understand the whole BEATLE story come along with us on a boat docked in the gentle blue waters in Nassau where segments of *Help!*, their chiller-thriller UA flick was filmed. *Help!*, so help us, is out-of-this-world wonderful. And wonderful is also the word to describe these super-special exclusive photos. And as you look luvingly at the Fab Four you'll agree that never before have you seen JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO in such an intimate close-up.

It was on their day off, and the Beatles were in great spirits. They adored the balmy Nassau weather, the casual way of life on this island paradise. Despite a few sour grapes newspaper stories to the effect that the Beatles weren't welcome, that they were snobbish and used unpleasant language, the truth is the exact opposite. The natives and every visitor who was lucky enough to meet the Beatles, loved them, got a kick out of their wit and were smitten by their charms.

These super-shots prove what wildly wonderful story tellers the Beatles are. They're truly gifted. They can laugh at themselves and the world. We rocked with laughter when Paul took over and hammed up a storm. Paul, we must tell you before we take you behind the secret scenes of their secret lives, did a take-off on a number of his favorite actors. He particularly digs PETER SELLERS and showed us how Peter woula play certain scenes. John added his own brilliant ideas.

We'll let you eavesdrop as Paul and John entertained a privileged few. George and Ringo listened, and somehow you knew they were remembering the old days, the good days, the hungry days, the days when they worked for a handful of dollars, hardly enough to keep their bodies and souls together.

"The thing that really kept us going," Paul told us not too long ago, "is that we refused to give up. We're a stubborn lot, you know. We never lost faith or humor."

Faith! Humor! That's a great and glowing part of the Beatle success story.

Some of the memories, especially the ones of record companies shrugging them off with bored indifference—hurt. They wouldn't be human if they hadn't felt badly. "Somehow we knew our day would come," George said. "Our families and friends believed in us. Money can't buy such love and loyalty."

John and Paul were still in their teens when they were known as the NURK TWINS. These two handsome lads from Liverpool weren't making any money, but the citizens of Reading, Berkshire looked upon them as up-and-coming stars. The citizens, of course, were teenagers who flocked to hear JOHN WINSTON LENNON, the left-handed rhythm guitarist, and tall, skinny PAUL McCARTNEY sing and play.

John, brown-eyed, brown-haired introduced his harmonica into their act and soon other kids in the local neighborhoods were saving their pennies to buy harmonicas. John, believe it or not, used to tinker with the drums and piano in those early days. But then, there is hardly anything that John can't do when it comes to creating music.

There are things that bug John about the crazy stories that appear in print. For instance, he never had to go hungry as a kid. He lived in a nice home in a modest neighborhood and he never wore tattered clothes. It was from his beloved mother, JULIA, that John inherited his love of music. "Mum taught me how to play the banjo," John said, his eyes holding back unshed tears as he recalled those days. She died before the Beatles were born, and his Aunt MIMI, brought him up. Mimi, by the way is "knocked out" by the Beatle sound and used to sit by the hour enchanted by the youngsters who filled the house with music and laughter.

"My mother used to accompany her songs on banjo Dad sang, too," John recalled. Though tragedy struck his young life, he still had JULIA and JACQUELINE, who were like step-sisters to him. Later, when fame came, John's biggest regret was that he couldn't find the time—absolutely couldn't—to join those he loved with all his heart in more frequent family get-togethers.

One of the horrible (John pronounces it *'orrible*) things about fame, John shudders, is having to get up at five in the morning to make train and plane schedules. Even when the Beatles were unknown, they loathed getting up early. They still do.

Another thing that bugs John about rumors is the one that keeps cropping up about his near blindness. It is true that he wears heavy glasses (on John they look HANDSOME), and he wears them during rehearsals and frequently off-stage. When he is performing, he admits, he can't see into the audience. "But I do know the kids are digging our act. I can tell by their screams," he laughs. Can he ever!

The four Beatles, as you know, are mad about clothes. They do not go for fads, but create their own individual styles. Even during their school days they dared to be different and couldn't care less that they didn't conform to the other students. Being rugged individualists is one of their most endearing qualities.

George is frank to admit that he and barbers are "friendly enemies." His pet peeve is to have his hair cut. When we asked George how and when he met John he told us "in the fish and chips shop near the school." So far as John was concerned George was IN because, as he later said, "He's a good lad. He doesn't get his hair cut, either."

Exceedingly bright, friendly, out-going, George is the lead guitarist. From the time he can remember, the guitar, to George, was a way of life, his hobby, his love. George, seemingly, was born with music in his soul. He can play the piano and drums with the greatest of ease.

As a student at the Dovedale Road Primary School in Liverpool, George was mad about sports. Soccer, cricket, swimming—anything that required skill, alertness and dexterity was up George's alley. By the time he entered the Liverpool Institute High School George's interest in sports began to wane. He found other interests that occupied his time, interests that changed the course of his life. Yes, "birds" was one of those interests, but music, music, music came above all else. His love of music became a living passion.

In those marvelously exclusive BEATLE BOOKS, published by Beat Publications in London, George told a reporter, "I suppose I quite enjoyed those school days, but what a long time off they all seem now. But I

(Continued on page 64)

1. ***Who does Paul think he is: Peter Sellers. Right!***
2. ***Paul remembers the good ole days.***
3. ***Paul keeps his pals spellbound with his yakking.***
4. ***Ah! George gets sentimental over those early days.***
5. ***Now it's John's turn to illustrate a funny story.***
6. ***"We had fun working in those dark cellars."***
7. ***"How would Sir Laurence Olivier play this scene?"***

TEEN LIFE

OCTOBER, 1965

VOLUME 4, No. 6

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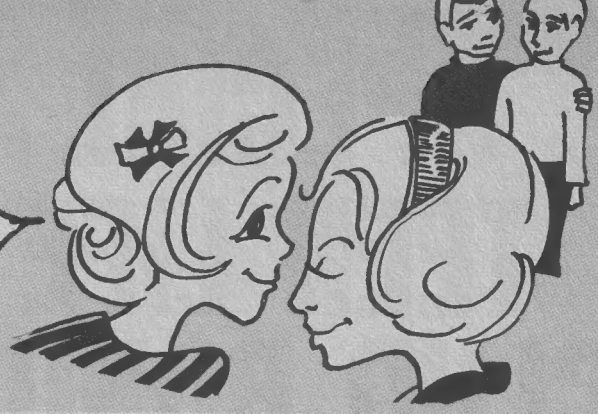
TEEN TALK



★★★★ WHERE GUYS AND GALS MEET TO GAB ★★★★★★★

"THE BEATLES," COUSIN BRUCE MORROW told me as we yakked about the musical and entire entertainment scene, "are BIGGER than ever. Make no mistake about that." He couldn't get an argument from me on that score. I get proof of their tremendous popularity every day, and it isn't only by watching the charts. I keep my fingers on the pulse of your preferences from YOUR LETTERS. That's right. After all, YOU are the star makers. I'm awed and fascinated by your knack to spot talent, to listen to an unknown and, boom! almost overnight a new star is born . . . because YOU buy his records, buy tickets to see him at local shows and write letters to the movie, TV, radio and record producers. That's a pretty wonderful thing to behold and I can't tell you how proud I am of you —all of you.

It indicates your wonderfulness, your interest in helping and encouraging unknowns and in keeping them successful. It is my prayer that the Beatles, the Dave Clark 5, the Rolling Stones and the many, many stars of all mediums will always remember that it was through your efforts, your love and loyalty that they are where they are today—top stars. The real great ones don't forget, I like to believe.

What started me on this sentimental streak? Your letters. I've been reading them by the thousands, and I consider everyone of them a jewel. They certainly help me to put TL together, to feature the stories and pix you most request. And talking about the pix and stories you request by the thousands is none other than that doll of dolls—HERMAN! Because it would take me pages to tell you about the hours I spent with Herman, I'll just say be sure—absolutely sure—that you keep after your favorite newsdealer for other future copies of TL in advance. Anyway, you can see a sampling of what's in store for you by turning to page 32. *There's more—much more—to come on Herman & the Hermits next month and the months after that.*

Now I'm going to let YOU—the REAL STARS of TL—take over. I know you're going to like chatting with other TL readers. It's like comparing notes about your favorites.

Dear Bessie:

TL is one of the most fab mags on the racks . . . So I say have something on the Herman's Hermits, especially PETER NOONE, the lead singer. As girls see his pictures they will soon fall into HERMANIA or become an HERMANIAC. Please, but please, put something in about them.

Amy Mendillo, Bayonne, N. J.

Dear Bessie:

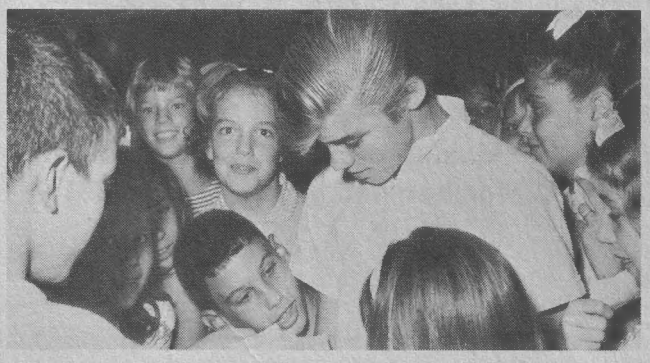
Last night I saw Herman's Hermits on Hullabaloo. *I absolutely fell in love with Herman and his adorable baby face. I just love him. Do you know of a place where I can write for pix and information about them. Or maybe a fan club.*

Andrea Spector, N. Miami, Fla.

Dear Girls:

I selected your letters at random out of many, many hundreds that have been pouring in. As I mentioned earlier, you can expect to see a great deal about Herman in future issues of TL. By the way, in last month's issue MICHAEL ALDRED wrote a darling story about Herman and TWINKLE. I hope you caught it.

As for where you can write to Herman for pix and fan club information, I suggest you write to him c/o MGM Records, 1540 Broadway, New York, N.Y.



LUKE HALPIN and friends

Dear Bessie:

A disc jockey is helping us try to get the Beatles knighted. Would all who are interested, please make a petition and send it to QUEEN ELIZABETH c/o Buckingham Palace, London, England.

Gilbert Simard, Sarnia, Ont.

Dear Gilbert:

This movement seems to be going on all over the U.S.A. too, and I'd like to see the lovely Queen's face when she receives bushels of mail asking her to knight the Beatles.

Dear Bessie:

I am thrilled to be a member of TLC. I showed my girlfriend all the exciting things you sent me, and she is anxious to join. I can't believe that you met

SPECIAL TEEN LIFE CLUB BONUS

IT's the SMART thing, the FUN thing to do . . . to join the TEEN LIFE CLUB! Don't put it off . . . fill in the coupon, below, and mail it, together with $1.00, right away QUICK! You'll be GLAD you did!

And listen to this: As an added attraction, EVERY NEW MEMBER of TLC will receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a copy of the new WHO'S WHO IN MOVIES, the magazine that's loaded with hundreds of pictures and SECRET STUFF about all of your FAVORITE STARS . . .

When you become a member of TLC you will get a huge helping of happiness, including these goodies: AN EXQUISITELY-DESIGNED GOLD TLC PIN, a MEMBERSHIP CARD, A PRESS CARD—which gives you a chance to earn EXTRA MONEY by writing for TEENS TAKE OVER; a TLC BULLETIN; WALLET SIZE PACKET OF PIX OF THE BEATLES n' OTHER FAB STARS. Make you dizzy just thinking about it? GARY LEWIS IS A TLC Member and says it's a GASS!

SPECIAL ENROLLMENT COUPON FOR NEW MEMBERS

Mail this coupon and $1.00 to:

TEEN LIFE CLUB
260 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10010

please print

NAME:_____ **AGE:**____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY:_____ **ZONE:**____ **STATE:**____

SCHOOL:_____ **GRADE:**____

the Beatles; they're my fave group. I will soon be forming a chapter and I hope it turns out good. I'm sure it will because TLC is a great club which everyone should join. I would love to hear from you.

Maryellen Smith, Yonkers, N. Y.

Dear Maryellen:

JONI JAMES and I are delighted that you love being a member of TLC. The fun will really begin when you form a chapter. There are ever so many things that you can do to make it interesting and worthwhile; it's up to each member to contribute ideas and social get-togethers.

As for my meeting the Beatles . . . I did . . . I did! I've written quite a bit about them in TL and still have loads of stories to tell. So keep tuned to TL for more scoops, stories and pix.

Loved your letter, Maryellen.

Dear Bessie:

May we ask a favor of you? You see, we are two teens who are having a race to see which one of us can receive more mail. One of us is a boy and the other is a girl. Do you think you could print our names and addresses in your column and ask the readers of TL to write to one of us?

We'd be very grateful if you would help us with our experiment. The addresses are: Girl: Pattie Ballard, 422 Beverly Ave., Scotch Plains, N. J. 07076. *Boy: Jackie Holmes, 346 Williams St., Scotch Plains, N. J.* 07076.

Pat Ballard and Jack Holmes

Dear Pat and Jack:

I'll run your letter provided you tell me how your experiment turned out. Is that a deal? I'm curious to know the reason behind your experiment, and I imagine others are curious, too.

Dear Bessie:

I just did the smartest thing in all my life. I subscribed to TL. It is the most gear magazine I have ever read, and I just LOVE it. Now, please do me a small favor. Have loads and loads of pictures and articles on PETER and GORDON, and of course, the Beatles. I'm really happy I subscribed.

Connie Rinaldi, Torrington, Conn.

Dear Connie:

Not only do you have the prettiest handwriting, but you also know how to make this gal's heart glad. You can be sure, Connie dear, that I'll run stories on Peter and Gordon and your other faves.

Dear Bessie:

I am a faithful TL reader. I think it's the grooviest magazine around, and so do my friends; also my mother. But there is one thing that disappoints me. You very seldom have anything about the ROLLING STONES. Kids around here call them the ROLLING BONES.

Please print my name and address in TL. I am 14, *have blue eyes and long dark brown hair. I would like to hear from English girls or boys.*

Miss Larry Ann Scott, 8 Miller Terrace, East Hampton, New York 11937

Dear Larry:

I hope you don't miss the story on the Rolling Stones by TL's own British correspondent, Michael Aldred. I also hope you get your wish and hear from your British cousins.

Dear Bessie:

I am the president of the International Beatles Fan Club. The staff and I would like you to know that we think TL is the greatest magazine yet.

I was wondering if you would help me on two matters. First, would you please run my fan club for the Beatles in TL? I will personally answer all letters I receive. Second, I am in desperate need of a large quantity of Beatles pix, individual and all four together. Thank you very much.

Lace Chu Leung, 611½ Pine Street, Asbury Park, New Jersey 07712

Dear Lace:

I wish I could have printed your entire letter, but I am running out of space. I do want to say that your club sounds interesting. As for those Beatle pix, I suggest that you write to Capitol Records, tell them your needs and I am sure they will help.

Dear Bessie:

I would like the following information on LUKE HALPIN. His real name, place and year of birth, dating life, hobbies, favorite food, etc.

Kathy Olsen, Rockford, Ill.

Dear Kathy:

I feel like a meanie, dear Kathy, and I hope you'll forgive me for not answering your questions about LUKE in Teen Talk. You see, I've got a nice story and pix planned for the next issue. The mail's piling up on *Flipper's* pal and I know you won't mind waiting one more little month.

Dear Bessie:

Please, please tell me how I can join THE EXPLOSIONS' Fan Club. I dig this group and so do my friends.

Jane Keely, Austin, Texas

Dear Jane:

I had to do some digging to come up with the answer, but it was fun. Write to Sandy Erenberg, 14321 Hortense Street, Sherman Oaks, California. Sandy is the president and does a great job. She also handles THE LETTERMENS' fan club. Do drop her a line.

Dear Bessie:

"Beatle Bobbies" is the greatest thing next to the Beatles, themselves! All your readers have to do is send a self-stamped envelope and they're part of the gang. This organization hopes to work with the police force in order to control the mobs of Beatle people with less violence. There is also a very good possibility that the "Bobbies" will get a chance to work with their idols, the Beatles. But since this is classified information for Beatle Bobbies only, *I'll have to end here.*

Please, Bessie I'd appreciate it tremendously if you'd print my letter in TL. Beatle Bobbies needs the support of all Beatle people.

Dolly Finuliar, 1294—33*rd Ave. San Francisco, California*

Dear Dolly:

What a marvelous idea! Since I've run out of space, I'll continue the discussion next month. Meantime, please keep your letters coming.

Bestest,

Bessie

JUST BETWEEN US...

NAME..... **AGE**.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... **STATE**.....

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE? .....

.....

WHAT OTHER MAGAZINES DO YOU LIKE? .....

.....

HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU LISTEN TO RADIO? .....

WHAT PROGRAMS DO YOU LIKE MOST? .....

.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE D.J.'S? .....

.....

WHAT SHOWS DO YOU WATCH ON T.V.?.....

.....

.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE T.V. PERSONALITIES?

MALE **FEMALE**

....

....

WHAT STORIES IN THIS ISSUE DIDN'T YOU READ? .....

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? .....

WHICH MOVIE STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

MALE **FEMALE**

....

....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY RECORDS? .....

WHOSE RECORDS DO YOU LIKE MOST?

MALE **FEMALE**

....

....

WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU ATTEND? .....

WHAT GRADE ARE YOU IN NOW? .....

HAVE YOU EVER ANSWERED A TEEN LIFE QUESTIONAIRE BEFORE?

.....

Send to: Bessie Little, c/o TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 3585
Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

WHAT'S HAPPEN

ENGLAND'S #1

By MICHAEL ALDRED

I was walking down one of London's busiest streets the other night. Or perhaps I should say morning; it must have been about four o'clock. I had just been to a very late party and was on my way home. The streets were pretty deserted, as you can imagine. Suddenly a car horn hooted and a voice yelled out "Oi! You!" I nearly jumped clean out of my skin because it's not what you'd expect at that time of day, is it? I turned round to see who was shouting. I almost fell thru the pavement. It was none other than one of the most famous people in the world. PAUL McCARTNEY, himself. Honest! "Do you want a lift anywhere?" he called out. I crossed over to him. I told him he was going in the wrong direction for me and that I was nearly home. "Be like that, then!" he laughed. Okay, I know what you're going to say. I must be mad. But really, I was practically on my doorstep. It was nice of Paul to offer me a lift. Maybe I could do the same for him one day. I doubt it!

I noticed that Paul wasn't driving the saloon. His brother Mike was. Mike's a good lad. He's determined not to cash in on the BEATLES' publicity. There aren't many people who know that Paul has a brother. How many of you knew? Mike is an actor with a group (no, not a singing-type group) called the SCAFFOLD. They specialize in hip, satiric material, and they're fast earning themselves a healthy reputation. The critics like them. I asked him why he didn't call himself MICHAEL McCARTNEY. "It doesn't help me, really. People would only want to see me because I have a famous brother and I don't want that. I want to be accepted as myself. I wanted to keep a bit of the family name. I thought 'gear' was rather appropriate. Everybody expects Liverpool people to use it," he laughed. "Don't they, wack!" he asked, mimmicking himself as he addressed Paul. JANE ASHER grinned when Paul answered in his very best, terribly English accent—without the slightest trace of Liverpool, "Oh yes, old chap, definitely!"

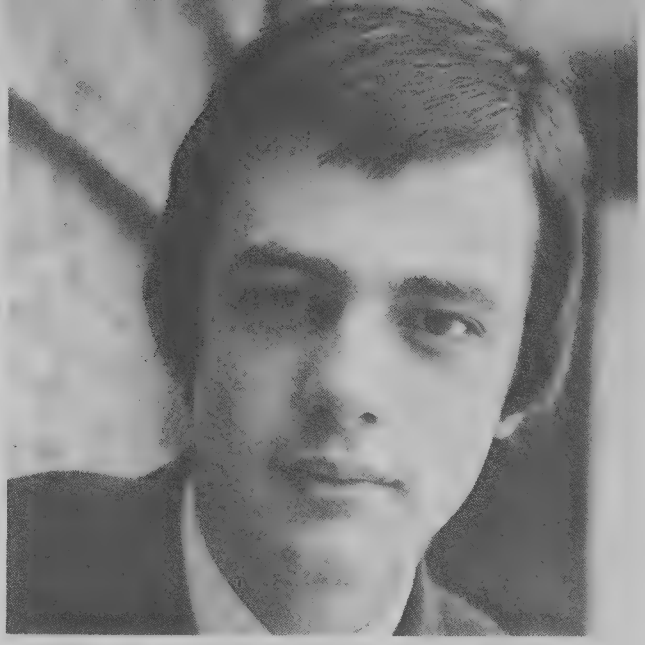
This is the part about fame the Kinks love: being surrounded by music-luving teenagers.

Jane tells me she has been learning to play the guitar. I don't think it means that she is going to become a pop singer, though. "It's more in the classical style. My trouble is that I don't practice nearly enough," she said modestly. "No, you don't!" nodded her brother PETER (of PETER and GORDON fame, as if you didn't know!), violently in agreement. It looked as if a mock quarrel was about to develop. I had to say 'bye cos I had to be up early that morning. I wonder who won the "fight?"

I went shopping with the Beatles' favorite singer. That's CILLA BLACK, of course. They call her CYRIL because the first time they met in the Cavern, JOHN LENNON didn't hear her name right. She's such a knockout person. I saw her across the street and leapt over to say hullo. "You can come shopping with me if you've got time," she said. "I'd like your advice. I need a hat." So off we went to the nearest hat shop. I nearly wished later that I

ING, BABY?

UNDERGROUND SPY



by MICHAEL ALDRED

Paul McCartney nearly scared the wits out of TL's Mike. A look at Reprise's Sandi Shaw.

hadn't! Cilla had to have a special hat for some "fancy do" she had to attend. An hour-and-a-half after we entered the store, we were still there. I lost count of how many hats she tried on, but believe me, there were an awful lot. When finally she did make up her mind, it was a navy blue flowery affair which looked great against her red hair. I pointed out that it was also one of the first hats she had tried on earlier that afternoon. Ah well, that's Cilla for you!

I noticed she was wearing a smashing pair of pearl earrings. Very plain and very pretty. "D'ya like them?" she asked in that wild, rasping voice. "I'm so glad. I wasn't sure about them. I went into the store and just tried them on. I don't often wear things for pierced ears, you know. But I found I couldn't get them off. So you see, I had to buy them. I'm glad they look all right. I hope I can get them off later!" If you see Cilla and she's wearing very tiny pearls in her ears you'll know she didn't!

I've known the KINKS since they made their first record, which wasn't a hit, I might add, ages ago. They are a mod group and we're always comparing notes on clothes. I popped round to DAVE'S house wearing some new shoes. I thought they were smashing. Dave, as it happened, was out and so I made myself a cup of tea. When he did come in, he was carrying a package. "I've just bought some knockout shoes!" he enthused. Do I have to go on? You've guessed it! We'd both bought an identical pair of shoes. And nobody likes that. "Great minds think alike!" I laughed. A couple of days later I went to watch them rehearse for a show and was wearing another new pair of shoes. I told Dave that I'd just gotten a pair of fantastic shoes. "So have I!" and he pointed at his feet. Oh, mate! It had happened again. Anyway, we both cracked up and decided to consult each other next time it came to buying shoes. Actually, Dave has a fabulous pair of boots that I'd like to snitch from him. They're just like the old swashbuckling things that ERROL FLYNN used to wear. You know the ones I mean that come past the knees? He even has a sword to match. I'm glad to say, I've never seen Pirate Dave using it!

TOM JONES (remember him doing It's Not Unusual *on the ED SULLIVAN show?) has just had a fantastic new house built. It is so modern-looking that the authorities in Shepperton, England, nearby told him he had to pull it down again. They said it wasn't in keeping with all the old houses in the rest of the area. Tom used to be a builder before he became a pop singer. "I know all the tricks of the trade," he laughed, "so I had to make sure that the builders weren't using the short cuts I used to!" We were having a* natter *after one of Tom's recording sessions. He was doing material for an album. He really does work hard and sure knows how to belt out a song. It's Tom you can hear singing over the credits of* What's New, Pussycat? *BURT BACHARACH and HAL DAVID wrote the song. And what marvelous songs they do write.*

Someone else who writes smashing songs, too, are my old mates, the MOODY BLUES. DENNY and MIKE wrote *From The Bottom Of My Heart* which was a big hit. They've gone all mad keen on sports at the minute. The latest craze is inter-group Archery contests. Denny's mad about it.

WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY?

By MICHAEL ALDRED ENGLAND'S #1 UNDERGROUND SPY

Hitting the charts is getting to be a nice habit with the Searchers.

They all bought bows and arrows and practice in their back garden at home. Two of the boys in the group—RAY and CLINT—prefer to go fishing. Can't really say as I blame them. I tried my hand at being ROBIN HOOD and didn't even hit the target first go. I have improved a bit now, but I swear someone sneaks out and moves the bulls-eye as I'm about to fire. I haven't hit it yet, but I'm going to keep trying. They threw a great party two or three nights ago. It wasn't like the usual show biz parties. Take my word for it, they all are a bit of a drag usually. There was no motive for having a party. They just felt like having a swinging time with their friends. DORIS TROY and the SEARCHERS were there, and many other names from the pop scene. TWINKLE was there (without HERMAN; he was working that night) and so were PAUL and CHRIS of the ZOMBIES.

The NASHVILLE TEENS are good people to invite to a party if you're thinking of having one. I went out with them the other night to one of the clubs in London Town called the Crazy Elephant. We had a wild, but w-i-l-d time! RINGO was there; BRIAN of the STONES and a couple of the ANIMALS, too. ARTT SHARP of the Teens has a very kooky girl friend, JEAN. But don't worry, there's nothing *that* serious between them. Wedding bells haven't entered the picture yet.

Jeannie is a fantastic dancer. She used to dance regularly on some of the top TV shows in London.

His name is Donovan and you're not likely to forget his name, getup or hot Hickory platters.

After she had been monkeying with MR. STARR, she said she needed a rest. MRS. STARR was taking a breather and didn't mind at all that RICHIE as she calls him, danced with another girl—just this *once*. HILTON VALENTINE of the Animals took the floor with little LESLEY DUNCAN, who is a singer. Her brother manages the PRETTY THINGS. These two didn't so much dance as have a make-believe sword fight. It looked very funny and creased everyone up. MARTHA and the VANDELLAS' disc, *Dancing in the Street* was played. Though it's quite an old record, it still is very popular in the clubs. This was a signal for Jean to dance on the tables! Like I said, it was pretty wild. Artt sat back and applauded. The whole club was in an uproar and everyone was cheering like mad.

But not everybody likes to relax (relax did I say?) in a nite club, though. The SEARCHERS don't, for instance. They are all quite homebodies, really. FRANK ALLEN, the bass player, is the only one you are likely to see socializing. He will frequently drop in on the local dances which are held just up the road from his home near London Airport. "Nobody bothers me 'cos I've lived here for a long time. To most people, I'm still plain Frank like I was before I joined the Searchers." Frank is one of the people who just can't resist a bargain. His house is littered with all kinds of second-hand merchandise. Like television sets, a tape recorder which he never uses, cameras, an old-fashioned sewing machine ("It looks so peculiar!" he says), and other assorted bric-a-brac. He recently helped build a racing car of sorts, made up from old components. He and his friend were very proud of this and couldn't wait to go for a spin in their creation. They revved up the engine and drove round the block. Then the engine fell out. There was nearly a nasty accident which was only averted by Frank's quick thinking. Wisely he has abandoned all attempts at hot-rodding and now drives a proper car—a Sunbeam Rapier of which he is very fond.

UNIT 4 + 2 hit the top in England with a tune called *Concrete And Clay*. It is very à la DRIFTERS, but they're marvelous anyway, so it didn't really matter. A cow bell was prominently featured, if you remember. It was a very valuable cow bell as it happened, because they couldn't get the same sound without it. Thev were doing a one night stand

when it was stolen. So what happens? They phone me and ask if I just happened to have a spare cow bell lying around anywhere. As if I would! Luckily I was able to put them onto someone I thought could help them. DUSTY'S brother TOM. But I needn't really have bothered. When their fans got to know about it, they inundated the boys with bells of every shape and size imaginable. Now poor old Unit Four, plus two of course, have so many bells, they can't even give them away. Ah well, that's show biz!

Not all the top groups in England are boys, you know. GOLDIE and the GINGERBREADS are four highly hip ladies. MARGO plays organ; CAROLE is the guitarist, and GINGER plays drums. Goldie is the singer. Actually, they are all American misses from New York. "We so wanted to go to England because we'd heard such a lot about it. When the Animals came to a club we were playing at, they asked us how we'd like to go to London. We all flipped and off we went." Goldie and co. had their first hit with *Can't You Hear My Heart Beat*, which was written specially for them by another top group, THE IVY LEAGUE. If you think the title sounds familiar, you're quite right. HERMAN had a big, BIG smash with it earlier this year. The girls have wild Brooklyn accents, particularly Goldie. It just knocks me out. They sound to me how English accents must sound to you. But great!

What do you think pop stars spend most of their money on? You'd be right if you were to say cars. CLIFF BENNETT and THE REBEL ROUSERS are well-known on the London scene, but for some reason they haven't had any really big smash hits. But they probably work as much—if not more—than some of the boys in the big time. They must do, otherwise they wouldn't be able to afford the cars they drive. They've all been out buying Jaguars of late. It looks a bit like a motor cavalcade when they play anywhere. The cars are all a similar model. They're not all brand new, though. Cliff said that you can pick up some good second-hand bargains. He should tell FRANKIE ALLEN about that. I'm sure he'd be interested. The Beatles all have a car each. Actually, they have more than one. JOHN LENNON has four—a Volkswagen, a Ferrari, a little Mini and a Rolls Royce. His Rolls is red and black. All the windows at the back and sides are blacked out for added privacy, with just the front passenger and windscreen clear. Ringo, Paul and George each have a Mini, too. Paul and George both have an Aston Martin DB5—just like JAMES BOND, in fact! I must hasten to add there aren't any machine guns or anything like that attached. Ringo drives a Facel Vega. Me? I can't even drive!

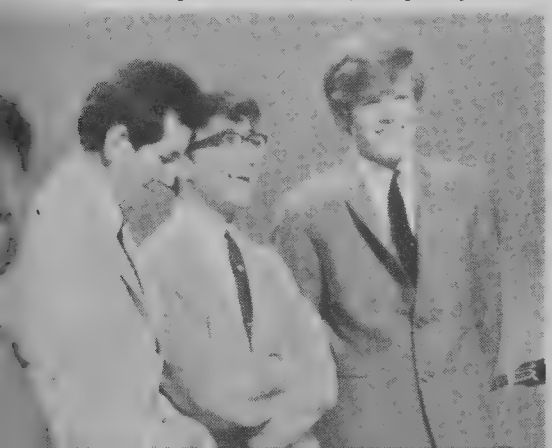
When not recording (MGM label), doing TV shots and P.A.'s the Animals dig the dating scene.

GEORGIE FAME is Britain's top R&B singer. He enjoys driving around just for pleasure, but hates it when he's working. He drove all around Spain when he took his holidays there. He even shipped his car over to Sweden when he had a stint to play there. But all this driving has its problems, too. Apart from fans recognizing him and collecting odd souvenirs like driving mirrors, etc., Georgie reckons you can have too much of a good thing. "It makes you lazy as well," he laughed. So much so that he had to buy a rowing machine to keep his weight down. "And that's exercise, man," he told me. He's not too keen on it either. "In the future, I'll try and cut down on the riding and do more walking." Or so he says.

Next to FREDDIE, HERMAN and WAYNE FONTANA, Manchester in England, boasts the HOLLIES as their next top group. They are very popular throughout the country. When they're not making music, they rather fancy themselves sharp shooters. I went to see them the other day and walked into their dressing room after the show.

Petula Clark poses with her gold record on Warner label.

Say HI! to Trini Lopez, Freddie 'n baby doll Herman; they're pals.



Wayne Fontana & the Mindbenders sit still for pix.

WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY?

By MICHAEL ALDRED ENGLAND'S #1 UNDERGROUND SPY

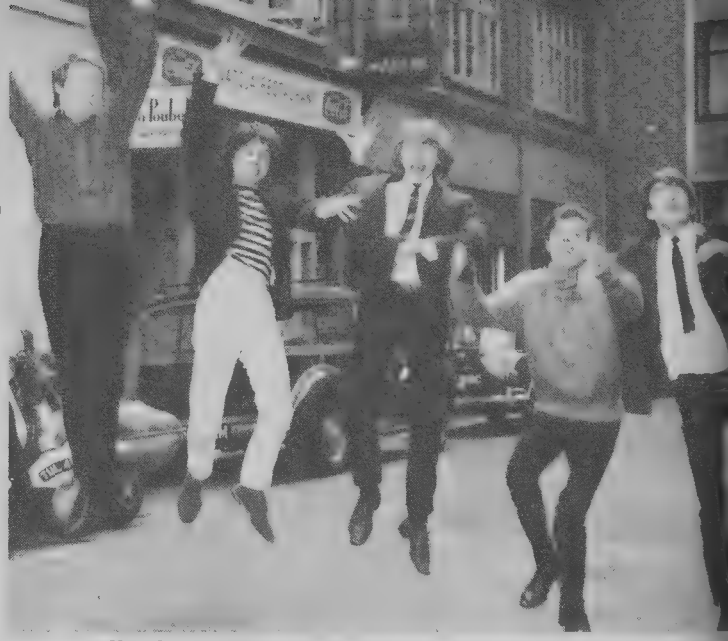
"Reach!" said GRAHAM NASH, the leader. It didn't look so much like a dressing room as an ambush. They have a collection of pistols, rifles and shotguns that would put an armory to shame. They are very careful about how they use their guns. They are quite trained marksmen and in their spare time they like to go hunting for wild game. But you can imagine my surprise at being 'held up' like that. As it happened, the gun was only a toy pistol, but it gave me a real shock. Apparently, they take them everywhere and even practice from their hotel bedrooms if they can't get near a rifle range to do so properly. I heard that the roof tops of practically every city the Hollies have visited are littered with old shells. As long as none come my way, I'll be happy.

DAVE CLARK has just finished his new film. It really is Dave and the boys that you see doing all those daring stunts in the movie. Dave, who as you probably know, is a judo expert, refused a stand-in. I think it's a smashing film and enjoyed it immensely. But that's not his dog in the film. Dave's dog is a boxer—almost literally. And believe me—I know!

I told you about Dusty and her "In" crowd. Following hot on her heels is a group of the same name. It didn't take them long to catch on, did it? But what's going to happen when what's "in" goes OUT? What will they call themselves then?

I have to go now. Look after yourselves. I'll have some more news for you next month. Till then, 'bye for now.

Michael



The Yardbirds are jumpin' for joy over their Epic hits. That's a nice reason to celebrate.

***We hope you caught Gerry & the Pacemakers in their debut flick,* Ferry Cross the Mersey.**

There's ten million dollars worth of talent in this fab shot. You know everyone of them.

JANET'S TRUE LOVE

ROMANTIC SCOOP!

Read the beautiful story that has no end... only a dreamy beginning that will continue for a whole lifetime...

RIGHT here, right now, in JANET LENNON'S very own words, is the WHOLE story of her one and only true love, LEE BERNHARDI. It's a happy story, a beautiful story and we're beaming with pride 'cause we're able to give you this romanitc scoop.

"We met at the studio where Lee is a studio page and we do the LAWRENCE WELK Show on ABC-TV. I never really noticed him too much at first. Then one day when he was stationed at the back door, I remember looking at him and whispering to KATHY, 'Gee, he's good looking.'

"That was the same day we talked for the first time. I don't remember who said hello first. We just began to talk and I knew instantly that we had so very much in common. Lee has a great sense of humor; like mine, it's somewhat sarcastic . . . but only a touch. We talked for a long time that morning, just getting to know each other. The next week, Lee's parents visited him from Ridgecrest, California. He brought them to the studio and introduced them to me. I liked them immediately.

"That afternoon, Lee asked if I'd like to go with him and his parents to a football game. Lee's brother is a coach at Azusa High School. After I said yes, he told me, 'Maybe if you play your cards right I might even buy you a hamburger.'

"So on our first evening together we double-dated with Lee's parents—and we had an absolutely wonderful time.

"After that it was only Lee. We clicked from the start and it's been that way ever since. But although we're engaged now, we won't set a wedding date until Lee gets a better job. I wouldn't mind but Lee would. You see, he's still a page and is trying to get into radio or TV production. We'll probably have about a six- or seven-month engagement to give us time to get everything arranged.

"And we'll get married in St. Mark's Church in Venice, just as my sisters PEGGY and DIANNE did. I'll wear my own gown . . . and oh, it's so exciting! I'm so happy because my greatest dreams are coming true."

GOT A KINK IN YOUR HEART?

Just about everybody's happily suffering from Kinksville . .

by MICHAEL ALDRED

Next to the BEATLES, the KINKS rival the ROLLING STONES as England's most popular group. Everyone accepts that no one—but NO ONE—can lick the Beatles. You can never tell with the other two, though. They always seem to be neck 'n' neck in the popularity polls.

Just who are the KINKS? Well, RAY and DAVE, who both play guitar, are brothers. When they were younger, they attended the same school as their bass player PETER QUAIFE. Drummer MICK AVORY is the most recent member of the group. Before he joined them, they had been playing together for a couple of years. They were called the RAY DAVIES QUARTET then and were more jazzy than pop. It's Ray who writes the group's hits, as well as sings them. A very talented lad is he. He penned *You Really Got Me* and *All Of The Night* among many, many others. I should think he's also a very wealthy lad.

MICHAEL CHARLES AVORY was born on February 15, 1944. *He grew up in Hampton Court, near where Henry VIII built his famous palace. But I can't remember when that was. All I know is that it was a long time before Mick was born! He says his big ambition is to live in it. But I can't ever see that happening, can you? Never mind, you can't have everything. Until recently, he lived with his parents. Now he shares a house with Kink Dave in North London, England. Ray lives nearby in Muswell Hill and so do Pete and his family. The Davies and the Quaife families have always lived in this area. Who knows, they might have been fated to meet! They all became well known locally before they became national teenage idols. They like the neighborhood in which they grew up and can see no reason for leaving it. They also prefer to live in fairly close contact with each other. There are never any really serious arguments within the group. If they do quarrel, it's soon forgotten. Even these quarrels are usually confined to brotherly disagreements between Dave and Ray.*

Ray is the serious one in the group. Highly intelligent, slightly nervous, he's the artistic one. He has a tendency to be moody, almost sullen. But he will laugh if there is something really funny to laugh at. He took a course in theatre design before taking up his present career full time. Those who knew him then fully expected him to develop into an actor rather than a pop star. Ray, if you can get thru a slight barrier of shyness, is an interesting talker. Often, though, he gives the impression of being bored or embarrassed by what's going on around him. Probably he is. But he is never deliberately rude. He isn't particularly interested in the trappings of showbiz. He rarely attends parties. At times he seems faintly amused at the idea of

being a pop star. He prefers to keep to himself. His main pre-occupation is his music. In fact, he's quite the dedicated musician on the quiet! Ray enjoys painting as a relaxation. Don't ask me what he paints, though; he won't say. Since he can remember, he has always been interested in music, particularly R&B. And don't you know it? Just listen and you can hear the influence in the Kinks' records.

Ray must also have influenced his younger brother a bit. "I was more interested in the actual instruments that made the noise. I can't remember what started it, but I used to try and manufacture all sorts of peculiar sounds. Mum and Dad encouraged me to play piano. It turned out that I was better at the guitar. Ray and I used to play duets together and sometimes we'd sing some of his songs." Dave is the youngest member of the Kinks; he's not yet nineteen. He's also the most energetic one. And the one for whom all the girls scream. He enjoys the life he leads but like any other job, it has its ups and downs. "I wouldn't change it for anything else. I worked in a music shop before I became a pop star. I've always loved music. I wouldn't change it for anything else. I wouldn't know how to do anything else. Would I?"

Peter Quaife used to be a commercial artist on a menswear magazine before he became a Kink. "And I can always become one again should the Kinks pack up tomorrow." But you needn't worry —there's absolutely no danger of that. I have it on the very best assurance. The boys themselves. Pete was born on New Year's eve in 1943. He still lives with his parents and brother and sister. He hasn't changed much since he became famous. The only real difference being a Kink has made to him, he says, is that he can now afford things he had hitherto only been able to dream about. "I went mad the other week and bought a scooter with fifteen lamps on it. Two days later, I bought a fantastic camera with all of the bits that go with it. But it's very rarely that I splash out like that. But it's nice to think that I can do so if I wish."

Mick doesn't believe in throwing his money around either. He can't think of anything he has specially bought lately. He is slightly vague. "Oh, there's the house—that's in my name," he offered in response to my question, "but it doesn't actually belong to me. Dave pays half the rent. I did buy a suit and some shirts the other day. But that's nothing spectacular, is it? I know it sounds very silly, but I can't think of anything I particularly want at the minute. I buy records occasionally, but not very often. I like some of ELVIS' stuff and people like CHARLIE and INEZ FOXX. Most pop stuff, really. But I dig all the jazz scene, too. I think I'm more a jazz fan than one of pop. But most drummers are, you know."

Our candidman caught drummer boy Mick Avory in a pensive mood at a rehearsal.

Like other people of their age, the Kinks enjoy doing pretty much the same sort of things. None of them are great nite clubbers. They all have girl friends "of sorts" but they get very little time for really steady dating. Ray is the only married one. His wife's name is RASA. The Kinks don't think of themselves as big stars and success certainly hasn't gone to their heads. In fact, both Ray and Dave name conceit and big-headedness as two of their pet hates. Dave also likes to go for walks in

Left to right: Pete wearing the hat he bought from a fan for 35¢. An off-beat shot of Dave. Ray looks bored, isn't. Pete with Indian knick-knack he loves.

the near by park. He also likes to pop into the pub where they used to play before they were discovered. Pete still knows a lot of the people who were his friends when he was a commercial artist. "I don't see why fame should change anything. It's all a big giggle, really," he laughs, "and I try not to take it all too seriously."

Though they all enjoy the world of pops in which they work, there are some things about it that they definitely don't like. Mick insists he can never get enough sleep. "The others laugh about it and think it's a big joke. But I don't mind going to bed early. After a hard day's work, I need the rest. More than the others, if you ask me. Bashing away like I do can sometimes be very tiring. Particularly if I have to play one of these really long concerts. Mind you, I'm used to it now."

Dave hates traveling in the band-wagon. "I always feel so cramped and it always makes me very bad tempered. I'm always exhausted if I have to travel a long way. Believe me, it's not much fun."

Ray thinks that some of the dressing rooms they've had to use should have been condemned for demolition long ago. "They're frequently filthy dirty, cold and very small. Working conditions should be improved."

Pete disliked almost everything, but I couldn't name anything specifically. Then he liked everything—almost. "I take things as I find them."

Ray and Dave worry a lot. "It's a pretty dicey business we're all in," they say. "We could wake up one morning and all this could be over. And you can't just shrug your shoulders and pretend it never happened. It will be even worse for the Beatles . . ." For the time being, they don't really worry about it. But they are aware that someday they will have to try their hand at something else. I wouldn't like to even hazard a guess.

One of the most striking things about the Kinks is their appearance. I think they look very smart in their riding-type jackets. Off-stage they dress just as strikingly. Pete says he is a frustrated Mod. The others dress in whatever style they think suits them best. It's always up-to-date, but they don't copy fashions too much. "They change so quickly," grinned Pete, "that I'm never ever sure what's in and what's out. So none of us really bother." I can tell you that none of them really cares too much for suits, although Mick occasionally wears one. They prefer jackets and trousers—the more casual outfit. Ray is currently sporting a nice rust tweed jacket that I wouldn't mind borrowing sometime. What about it, Ray? He's perhaps a more conservative dresser than either Mick or Dave. It's Dave who's the far out one. His hair used to be shoulder length but it's a bit shorter now. But not much! "I'm sure it wouldn't suit me any other way," was his excuse. But he daren't try cutting it. "What would the fans say?" he asks.

Despite their name, the Kinks aren't really that weird and off-beat. Only slightly. But they are very, very different from most of the other groups. And this is what has made them so popular.

But I can't help wondering what they would look like with short hair! I'll have to sneak up with my scissors at the ready to find out. If I do—I'll let you know.

Catching Pete and Dave at a rehearsal is a sight and sound to behold.

The Kinks let rip—but R-I-P!—during a rehearsal. That's Pete with his back toward the camera.

THINK THAXTON!

LLOYD'S SWINGING CONTEST

20 DAWKS and 50 ALBUMS FOR YOU THAXTONITES

If you think this is some strange language it is . . . it is! So read on for the luving details . . .

WE wish we had space to list the more than 100 TV stations that run the super LLOYD THAXTON shows. One thing is for certain . . . it's one of the most widely syndicated and popular teen musical shows. Lloyd loads each segment with the greatest stars from the record, TV and movie world. Nuff said. Now to get down to this stuff about DAWKS . . .

What's a Dawk? It's a doll of a doll. Adorable.. You'll want to luv it, luv it, luv it! Each Dawk carries a sign, THINK THAXTON. And who can think of anything else after seeing the swingingest show on TV! To own a Dawk is to be a true Thaxtonite. And to be one of the 20 lucky winners all you have to do is to fill in the coupon and tell why you love Lloyd Thaxton. Nothing could be easier or more fun.

And for 50 other lucky winners there will be 50 albums of your favorite recording stars. Seventy (70) prizes for 70 Thaxtonites!

We can think of 70,000 reasons why we love Lloyd, his show and the fab guests who co-star with him. We know you can, too . . . so get with it—quick!

THINK THAXTON CONTEST

Name: ..... Age: .....

Address: .....

City: ..... State: .....

I love LLOYD THAXTON because: .....

.....

.....

Contest closes September 15, 1965. No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges is final.

Address: Thaxton Contest c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

WHERE'S MY WANDERING GENE TONITE?

by Michael Aldred

GENE FRANCIS PITNEY is one of the MOST TALENTED POP SINGERS IN THE WORLD. That may sound like a pretty sweeping statement to make, but it happens to be TRUE! And he has over twenty hit singles and several albums to back it up! Wow! I can't begin to reckon how many millions of records he must have sold, but it must be quite a few. *Town Without Pity, Only Love Can Break A Heart, The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, Twenty-Four Hours From Tulsa*—all sold over a million each! That's not bad!

Apart from singing, Gene is also a prolific songwriter. Did you know he has written about a hundred songs? Some were big hits for other artists. THE CRYSTALS scored their first big smash with one of the highly talented Mr. Pitney's songs. It was called *He's A Rebel.* And how about the *Rubber Ball* that BOBBY VEE bounced to the top of the charts on both sides of the Atlantic? He's even turned his hand to record production. JIMMY RADCLIFFE had a minor hit earlier this year with *Long After Tonite Is All Over.*

The first time I met Gene was at the rehearsals for a television program. Already he was well known, but he hadn't yet developed into the international star he is now. Then he was polite, charming, assured, polished and very, very professional. And completely without the slightest trace of any big-headedness. He's just the same—even now. Always eager to talk, anxious to help and ready to smile. And he always means it. Gene is so sincere. There's nothing phony about him! Another great thing about Gene is that he always remembers your name. Some people you can meet dozens of times

Bachelor Gene Pitney is a fave rave on ABC-TV—in London, England—that is, where he guest stars on Thank Your Lucky Star.

and they still forget. After you've spoken to Gene a couple of times, he's calling you *by your first name. And it's the little things that matter.*

There are seven members in the Pitney household. Besides his parents, he has two brothers and two sisters. He was born on a farm in Hartford, Connecticut. He now lives in nearby Rockville. "It's a good home base to have," says Gene, "about twenty minutes from the capital of Connecticut and two-and-a-half hours from New York City. I do most of my business there." He still lives with his parents and a brother and sister. His other brother and sister are married and have homes of their own. Gene is very proud of his house. It is over a hundred years old, built high on a big hill above the city. His grandfather lived there. It's very much in the English style of things," he told me, "and it has great character." When he is working, Gene has a place "down the road apiece." (That's a plug for the ROLLING STONES. Gene is a big fan of theirs, incidentally.)

When he was younger, he was something of a backwoods boy. He used to do quite a bit of hunting, shooting and fishing. And some trapping thrown in for good measure. This he did when he was at school. He'd set up the traps on the way to the classroom and check on them on his way home in the evening. This also led to his hobby of stuffing wild animals. Gene says he can't remember whether he was a good pupil at school or not. I think he's just being modest. I know he graduated to University, so he can't have been that bad, can he? He took a keen interest in music, even then. He learned to play piano, guitar and drums. He is mainly self-taught but admits to a year's guitar lessons.

Gene didn't rush straightway into the music business. Oh no, sir. He was a cook, then a mechanic, a carpenter, theater usher and tobacco picker. So if any girl is looking for a good husband who can not only prepare the meals, but fix the car and even make furniture as well, then Gene is *your* man

What sort of girls does Gene enjoy dating? He says they must be good-looking and weigh more that he does for a start. For the record, he tips the scales at 130 *pounds and is* 5'8½" *tall. Gene's ideal date must not only look good, but she must also be intelligent. "That means that she should be able to count over ten," laughs Gene. Ideally, she should share his interests. Otherwise, he reckons, the romance wouldn't last very long. He's so right.*

When he's dating, Gene Pitney likes to be able to relax. That's why you're more likely to find him in quiet places where he won't be too easily recognized. Gene is fond of steaks and likes red wine to accompany his meals. However, he says his favorite food is Sub-Gum-Wonton. If you haven't the faintest idea what that is, let me inform you that it's some kind of Chinese dish. I didn't know either until I asked Mr. Pitney. So now we all know! I prefer hamburgers myself. He doesn't have to watch his diet because he's naturally slim.

If he's in a nite club, Gene isn't really the wild rock 'n' roll type. He might dance occasionally, but he's not the extrovert kind. He prefers to sit back, hold hands and chat. He can talk intelligently about most topics. He takes a keen interest in the nation's politics. But he can't see himself running for President, or anything like that, though. Imagine it—President Pitney! Sounds good, doesn't it? "I think young people should be encouraged to take an active interest in the way their country is being run," he states emphatically. "After all, they are the generation whose turn it will be next to dictate policies of state and such. And they should try and acquire some knowledge about the world they live in."

Gene Pitney has been more fortunate than most in this aspect. His rapidly expanding career has enabled him to gain first-hand experience of countries most of us are only familiar with thru atlases. His travels have taken him to such far distant lands as Australia; New Zealand; Canada; Hawaii; England; Italy; Germany and France. It reads like some kind of travelogue, doesn't it? Lucky Gene! He is very popular in Italy. Not surprising then that it is a country of which he is very fond. "I love Italy. Not because I'm successful there, but because I like the people, the atmosphere, the climate, the music—everything about it. I frequently appear in the song contests there. In places like the San Remo festival. I enjoy working in Italy.

"Europe is a great place. It is so different from America. I love England, too. It is very dear to me, but in a way it is the hardest market for me to crack, professionally speaking. The weather is always awful. I don't think I have ever visited London when the sun has been shining. It is nearly always raining. At least, that's how it seems. I've toured England and had the opportunity to see the rest of the country. It's very nice and there is nothing there too big. They are building some great new buildings there. I saw a skyscraper last time I was there that looked as if it could have come from the Manhattan skyline. I always stay at the same hotel in London. The service is very good and I can drink as much tea as I like. I never drink coffee if I can get a nice cup of tea. Very English, huh?

"I'm also crazy about Paris. There's always something happening there. And the people are so warm and friendly. That's what strikes me first about a place, you know, the people. Like in Australia, they are different from those in Germany. I don't just mean the way they dress and the difference in language, but their attitude toward things is different. You know what they say about travel broadening the mind? Well, it really is true.

I asked Gene if there was anything that he didn't like about his trips round the world. Quick as a flash came his answer, "Flying!" He went on, "I just don't like jet flights one little bit. They really scare me. Those planes are so big it's frightening. But it's being off the ground like that which upsets me. Most jet flights, I know, only take a couple of hours, but I feel hemmed in. You can't move around too much. I guess subconsciously I'm worried until I'm safely back on the ground. But come to think about it, I'm none too happy with those oceanic liners either. I guess a guy just can't win."

Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that, Gene. I know of one guy who doesn't seem to be doing too badly. He's no loser. Who is he? Why YOU, of course!

SHINDIG SWINGERS

by 007½

SCOOP STUFF ABOUT THE REGULARS

ALL right, you BILLY J. KRAMER luvers, you . . . I've got news for you about your boy. Know where he's headin'? Straight for chartsville, that's where. And about time, I told him over the phone. Here's the dope on Billy. He called me clear from England t'other day. Minutes after he recorded *Trains and Boats and Planes*, he invested I don't-know how-much to tell me that he feels this disc is the greatest.

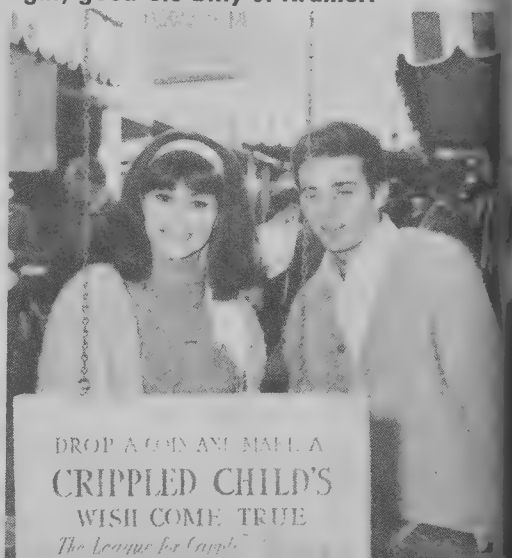
"BURT BACHARACH and HAL DAVID wrote the tune," Billy said. "I'll be coming to the States to appear on *Shindig*, so be sure to hide your traveling boots until I get there. That's an order!" the usually quiet Billy ordered.

BOBBY SHERMAN'S most prized possession is a St. Genesius medal which he wears day and nite. Pal SAL MINEO gave it to him. What a nut this Bobby is—a camera nut, that is. Wanna hear more about Bobby—OH? He has a pash for the color blue; he digs velours and continental-cut slacks. He drives a four-door Caddy sedan and, get this . . . with a TV set in the back, yet!

And here's more: "I believe in going steady, but right now I'm dating a couple of girls." Steady, he says. Ha, I says. Hoo-Hah!

To continue: "I like a gal with

Below: Donna Loren & Bobby Sherman; right, The Four Seasons, and below, right, good ole Billy J. Kramer.



long hair, who's intelligent, has a good sense of humor, and has an air of innocence, but still knows what's going on." Notice he didn't say anything about whether she can or can't cook. But he did say: "I won't get married until I'm 25 (he's now 19), but if I find the right girl I'll hold on to her until I'm 25!" With Bobby's luck—all good—she'll wait for him . . .

Funny thing about the male species; they're all looking for the same girl. WILLY NELSON goes into a tailspin over a gal with the same qualifications (see above), and one of these days he's gonna orbit down to earth like all of us ordinary earthlings. Seems the too-wonderful-for-words Willy (that's the way the gals describe him; not me) meets a lot of dollies with long hair and loaded with looks and wit and sugar and spice . . . why go on . . . the guy's just plain lucky.

Caught up with DICK and DEE DEE on the Shindig *set and they filled me in on their England outing. They cut a record with the ROLLING STONES and Dee Dee went out with BRIAN JONES. This Dee Dee Bird was still on Cloud 9 while Dick told me about their upcoming European tour. "We're headed for France, Italy, Germany, Scandinavian countries, then wind up in England." At the mention of England Dee Dee seemed to perk up and the look on her face screamed . . . BRIAN JONES! But Dick didn't pay any attention to her as he told me they are going to record in French, Italian and German. "We don't speak these languages," Dick continued "but we do the words phonetically." The kids'll be back before this issue hits the stands.*

Say, I did pick up some romantic goodies. Like Dick and LESLEY GORE had been dating about four months, but recently broke up because you can't—absolutely can't—hold hands long distance. Les attends Sarah Lawrence college and Dick was forever on the road.

The Shindogs are the hottest, most-loved swingers on Shindig.

You're strictly from INSVILLE if you're in with KIRBY JOHNSON, GEORGE PATTERSON and ED WADE, known collectively as THE WELLINGTONS. But to fill you in on them individually, let's start with Kirby, who calls himself "a beach bum." He loves the sun, surf 'n' sand. Like Bobby Sherman, he also has a prized possession, a St. Christopher Medal, given to him by the girls at Queen of Angels School, after he had arranged a most successful Spring Songfest. Kirb's fave food: cheeseburgers. "I like homespun girls, and, should anybody be listening, I'm very available in the dating department." He goes for casual clothes, preferably in velours; mad about sweaters and khakis. Do you think he's trying to tell me something when he says with that roguish twinkle, "Girls? I love 'em!"

George and Eddie are fanatic scuba divers and even as I write these words they're planning to buy a boat. It seems to me that I told you about the 11-room house in Hollywood the Wellingtons share. And that they have wild (WOWEE!) parties.

Jimmy O'Neill introduced Patty Duke on her* Shindig *debut. Great!

The trio went to the University of Illinois and started out as folk singers. All wear identical black rimmed glasses, but on stage and Shindig *they use contact lenses or "fake it" by pretending they can see more than their noses in front of them. Such conceit!*

The boys dig tennis, golf, swimming. They're quite the outdoorsmen. Last winter they went snow skiing at Lake Tahoe, played guitar and sang, and loved every minute of it. "We went marlin fishing in Matzalan, Mexico a few months ago," Eddie said, "and caught an 180-pound sailfish."

Every time THE FOUR SEASONS make the *Shindig* scene everybody on the set gives them the BEATLE treatment, meaning they highly respect their talent. Count me in as another Four Seasons admirer. More about 'em next issue.

Glenn Campbell keeps coming back to* Shindig *by popular demand.

ROCK'n' ROLLING with the STONES

There's nobody—but NOBODY—who knows the Rolling Stones better 'n TL's know-it-all Michael!

by MICHAEL ALDRED

IT IS an accepted myth the world over, that the ROLLING STONES are filthy, dirty and don't wash. Some folks also believe that they never scrub their nails, comb their hair or clean their teeth. But just how true is this image that malicious gossip has helped build up? Just what are these wild weirdies like when the public gaze is off them?

For a start, they aren't sub-human. They are all highly intelligent. Singer MICK JAGGER even spent two years studying an advanced economics course at a London college. They aren't particularly wild or weird, but they do know how to have a good time. They like parties, like everyone, but are too busy to attend many. They are night people and when they are in town, be it Hollywood, New York or London, they will make for the nearest club. Their favorite haunt in London is the Ad Lib, where all the stars go. BRIAN JONES visited Gazarri's in Los Angeles with DICK and DEE-DEE last time he was there. MICK and KEITH went there too and also took in the Whisky A Go Go on Sunset Strip. They all raved about the Peppermint Lounge in New York, which was introduced to them by the RONETTES. So you can see, they are much the same as anybody else.

Mick is a great dancer and loves to try out his fantastic steps wherever he can. Brian is a bit shy about making an exhibition of himself in public. But if you're quick—and he doesn't see you—you might catch him jigging his feet around. But if the "blond one" notices you watching him, he'll stop immediately and an embarrassed grin will spread across his face. Keith Richard, who's lead guitarist with the group, goes to a club to listen to the records or the band. He'll soak up the atmosphere and remain content to be talking to someone. Bass player BILL WYMAN, like drummer man CHARLIE WATTS, doesn't socialize as much as the others. But they're married men, so perhaps they can't be expected to let that long hair down too often!

It is reckoned that, next to the BEATLES, they must earn the top show biz salary in England. They aren't reckless, though, and don't spend extravagantly. By mutual agreement, they are paid the equivalent of $150 (£50 English pounds) per week. Out of this they are expected to pay all their own expenses. This includes meals, travelling costs, food, renting their apartments and new clothes.

Clothes are a weakness with the Stones, particu-

larly shirts. They may buy as many as twenty at a time or just one. These will last them a couple of months. Contrary to popular belief, they do change their shirts, often. I have known Mick to change his shirt four times during the course of one day. When they are working, shirts, they have found, have a tendency to become grubby very quickly. They always carry spares. They don't always wear neck ties and this is the sole reason they are sometimes asked to leave ultra-smart restaurants. It all depends on the mood they are in. Charlie-boy prefers to wear a tie, but he is generally accepted as being the neat and tidy one in the group. He also collects pocket handkerchiefs.

Charlie favors suits as opposed to the more casual gear that the others wear. Mick, Brian, Keith and Bill belong more to the jackets and pants brigade. They have no set uniform, of course, and no particular style of jacket—as long as it has buttons on it. All their clothes are in the "Mod" style that is the rage in England. There, fashions change very quickly. The Stones are always hip to what's happening on the teen scene. In fact, they help set the trends. They aren't necessarily slaves, though, to everything new that appears in the shops, but they are very discerning shoppers. Most of their clothes, like trousers, are made specially for them—but they buy shirts off the peg if they see one that they like. Now that they can afford it, however, they do prefer to have them made. They design them themselves and they are manufactured by a shirtmaker in London's Soho. They all go to the same one in Wardour Street. So they really are quite elegant, you know!

The Rolling Stones' casual appearance, like their manners, is very much a calculated thing. If someone has a down on them, either because they are young, because they have long hair or simply because they are the Rolling Stones, they will retaliate. Natch! They will probably pull one of their "Nankie" faces, which are very ugly, or make rude remarks in their "Ernie" voices. This has a very gruff sound to it. So many older people are rude to them because they think it is clever. But believe me, these silly folk get back far more than they bargained for! They don't go out of their way to be rude, please don't get me wrong, but the Stones are nobody's fools.

The boys do enjoy deliberately shocking people. There was a party after the première of the first BEATLES' film in London. Brian and Keith thought it would be great fun if they were to gatecrash it. This they did. There was a shocked silence as they entered and more than a few raised eyebrows. As it turned out, JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO were pleased to see two of their rivals. Actually, the two groups get on well together socially. On another occasion, they were installed in a hotel in Scotland. Some residents there made some particularly vicious remarks to Mick. He didn't say anything. Instead, he nipped back to his hotel bedroom and took off his shirt and undervest. Then he put on his favorite jacket, the one he bought in Hollywood, with the fur-trimmed hood. He rushed out and found the people who had

There's a terrif' story behind the furry jacket Mick's wearing, You'll howl. The Rolling Stones, believe it or not, are fashion plates; they dig jazzy outfits. More important: they're great guys.

been so rude. He flung open his jacket, exposing his chest, and shouted out "Boo!" In shrieks of laughter, he returned to his room to get dressed properly again.

At other times, their behavior is beyond reproach. Mick and Keith were invited to a party that PRINCESS MARGARET was attending. They were introduced and chatted away quite happily. Not once did they say the wrong thing. They were politeness itself and were thrilled to discover. that the Princess was a fan.

Fans are a big problem in the life of the Rolling Stones. But the boys are always glad to meet their fans. Brian Jones even took it upon himself to entertain two visitors who had travelled three thousand miles just to meet their idols. Being in the public eye so much, dating is something they have to be careful about. Bill is married and has a son. Charlie's wife is an art student. The other three are, as yet, unhitched. But they do have steadies. Their

ROCK'n' ROLLING with the STONES

girl friends have to "share" their boys with their fans. They try to keep their private life as much to themselves as possible. The three ladies who are closest to the unmarried Stones are all nice, pretty girls with a sense of humor. They are all fairly reserved and don't like talking too much about their famous boyfriends. One is a young, teenage model and she goes out with Keith. Mick's heart belongs to their co-manager's secretary. Brian's regular date is "just a girl." Because they lead such busy lives, the Stones can't possibly see their girl friends every day. They reckon that when they are traveling, a lot of their money goes on long-distance calls. They argue frequently—what couples don't—but it's never very serious. They are all easy lads to get on with.

If the Stones like you, then you are IN and there is nothing too much that they will not do for you. Should they, for some reason, take a dislike to you, then you will soon know it. They don't have a large circle of friends. Their hectic way of life means that most of their friends are confined to those who share their interests, other groups. They are friendly with the ANIMALS, the BEATLES and one or two other individuals on the pop scene. American guitarist JOEY PAIGE is a friend of theirs and so are Dick and Deedee, who they met in America. When they relax, they like to do so by playing records. Most of their collection is R&B. SOLOMON BURKE, JAMES BROWN, WILSON PICKETT, CHUCK BERRY, BO DIDDLEY . . . all are great favorites of the Stones. If they are not playing records, then chances are they will be strumming away on a guitar. Mick and Keith spend a lot of their spare time composing new tunes. Bill likes to be at home with his wife and Charlie enjoys the peace and quiet of his home.

Boy, when Mick wails he WAILS! The Rolling Stones' London platters are from Hitsville.

The Rolling Stones haven't changed much since they became rich and famous. Mighty grateful.

They haven't changed much in the past year or so—the time it took them to build an international reputation for themselves as one of the hottest musical properties in the world. Since they first started, their standard of living has, of course, gone up. They can still remember what it was like to be poor and hungry and so they never behave like big stars. They still see some of their old friends and they still visit the places they have always visited. Like Richmond, where it all started . . . like "Act One, Scene One" a café in London's Soho where they used to meet when they were struggling, out-of-work musicians.

No, they haven't changed much, and they aren't the type who will. After all, they are just five, ordinary, decent lads who found fame and fortune thru the music they love. And as long as there are people who want to hear that music, they will remain just as they are . . . THE ROLLING STONES.

YOU'RE a WILD ONE P.J.

YOU'RE like a four-alarm blaze! Maybe even like four BEATLES rolled into one. But no matter how we describe you, P.J., you're a WILD ONE! And that's for sure. You see, we've been reading about the riots you've been causing in England and practically all over Europe. We did a double-take when we read that our own home-grown P. J. PROBY had been banned because a number of times your trousers had split during your performances. Boy, if that isn't singing and dancing up a storm we don't know what is! Anyway, the audience, in each instance, became uncontrollable . . . and police had to be called! WOW! As for the girl who tried to storm your hotel . . . that's another story that made headlines in England.

And how about the time five policemen, two policewomen, and ten members of the theatre staff had to line up on the stage to hold back the screaming *birds*? But this time, we understand, you wore a new blue suit of elastic velvet, guaranteed NEVER—but NEVER—to split, no matter how wild and wayout you get. When are you coming home, P.J.?

DICK'S NEW LOVE CODE

Our own Dr. Kildare and star of MGM's Joy in the Morning, has some interesting things to say about going steady...

HE'S still the same handsome blond hunk of six feet, one inches of blue-eyed manhood. He still has the same sensational shy smile, with many extra-added attractions. Actually, DICK CHAMBERLAIN hasn't changed too much since he became *Dr. Kildare* because, deep down, he's still the same sweet, considerate all-around nice guy. But he can no longer be described as "the boy next door" type. "I've changed," Dick said. "For the better, I hope. I now date a lot of girls whereas I used to date just one at a time and worry that—well, you know how girls are . . . If you see them too often they begin to think that the next step is a marriage proposal. Going steady has its advantages, but too often it ends in heartbreak, especially if the boy isn't ready for marriage.

"It's a known fact that most teenagers go steady because it gives them a sense of security and lifts their ego. I went through that bit, but the day came when I realized I was seeing my steady more out of habit than because I was mad about her. I thought we loved each other, but in time I discovered that I was wrong. It is only in the past year or two that I got over the going steady habit. I'm glad I finally broke it; not only for my sake, but for the sake of the girl," Dick said with a great sigh.

It's as though Dick had a brand new love code which, truth to tell, he does. He's learning how to play the dating game and is having a ball being divinely single. "I know it can't go on forever," he smiled, "but for now playing the field is best for me." So dream on, gals! And read on, gals, too! Dick's got so much more to tell you.

Now that Dick's 30 (can you be-

lieve it!), and feels a bit more secure in his career, he finally did what he always dreamed of doing—he bought a house high in the Hollywood hills. "My first house," he beamed. It took a lot of courage for Dick to splurge on new furniture and take on the responsibility of meeting those monthly mortgage payments. As he nears his new home after a hard day on the *Dr. Kildare* set, a look of great pride and happiness spreads over his boyish face. "I'm having a ball furnishing the place, shopping for odds and ends, buying things that suit my moods and taste."

Dick, we learned, is a careful shopper; he weighs every purchase for its decor and usefulness. He has a wonderful sense of color which isn't surprising since he is a fine artist. And you know what delicious colors he uses in his paintings! Dick is so creative!

But getting back to the girls in his life, Dick is sometimes torn between holding on to his bachlorhood for dear life, and settling down with a one and only. For a while we thought that DOROTHY PROVINE, that luscious blonde, was THE girl. So despite his desire to remain single, Dick found himself thinking more and more about Dorothy. They had a great deal in common; loved to take long walks and drives; loved the sun and the surf, the same kind of food, books, music, art. When they couldn't see each other they would talk on the phone by the hour. They never seemed to run out of conversation.

But their lovely relationship came to an end when Dorothy, who plays the top night clubs, had to travel so much. Then Dick was introduced to another blonde beauty, JOAN MARSHALL. She filled his lonely hours. Was this a sign that he was fickle? If he was he knew he had better play it cool until he was certain of his feelings. And that's exactly what Dick's doing as he not only dates Joan but other lovelies. Cool's the word.

you can be MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER

Miss American Teenager will appear with Dick Chamberlain in an MGM segment of Dr. Kildare on NBC-TV. You can be that lucky girl!

YOU can make YOUR dream come true! YOU can appear with Dick Chamberlain in a *Dr. Kildare* segment, win a Dodge Dart, live in the luxurious Hollywood Plaza Hotel . . . The prizes are too fantastically fabulous . . . It's your chance of a lifetime . . .

THE dazzlingly glamorous prizes are piling up! Never before in the history of the MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER beauty contest have so many exquisite awards been offered. Not only that, something new and exciting has been added to the MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER contest, and of this we are most proud. The *New York Journal American* and WPIX-TV (Channel 11) and the Sunday *Pictorial Living* (more than 6,000,000 circulation) are co-sponsoring this nation-wide contest with PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK and TL.

You know, of course, the girl who is crowned MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER on the beautiful stage at PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK in Palisade, New Jersey, will win a role in the MGM *Dr. Kildare* series on NBC-TV. She will also be the guest of the Hollywood Plaza Hotel in Hollywood, California. Here, Miss AMERICAN TEENAGER and her guardian, will live in absolute luxury and see stars dining, dancing, sunning and swimming in this magnificent hotel. And, hold your breath, the winner will also receive the all-new DODGE DART CONVERTIBLE. It's the GO-GO car for GO-GO people. Come and see the Dodge Dart on display at Palisades Amusement Park; it is the OFFICIAL CAR of the Miss AMERICAN TEENAGER contest. We'll list more prizes next month.

It doesn't cost you one cent to enter this fabulous contest. All you have to do is fill in the entry blank, opposite page, or contact one of the parks listed, also opposite page. Preliminaries will be held all over the country. Really, you can't afford to miss the chance to meet and compete with America's finest young ladies for the MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER crown. Runners-up will also receive fab prizes. Don't delay! Join NOW! TODAY!

Beautiful Barbara Heimann receiving the Miss American Teenager trophy from Frank Tuotti, Vice President of WPIX-TV, the co-sponsor.

Here it is in all its gorgeous glory—the all-new DODGE DART convertible for MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER.

Miss American Teenager will be the guest of the famed Hollywood Plaza Hotel. Stars love it here.

Last year's lovely finalists from Hershey Park, Pa.

MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER *HEADQUARTERS*

Hersey Park, Hersey, Pa.

Riverside Park, Agawam, Mass.

Dorney Park, Allentown, Pa.

Pine Lake Park, Pine Lake, N.Y. (Albany to Utica)

Rocky Glen Park, Moosic, Pa.

Chippewa Lake Park, Chippewa Lake, Ohio

20th Century Attractions, 1162 Dorr Rd., South Beloit, Ill.

Crescent Park, Riverside, Rhode Island

Robert Cototta, 2729 Rowland, Kansas City, Kan.

Roseland Park, Canandaigua, New York. Syracuse to Buffalo

Edgewater Park, Detroit, Michigan

Tanner's Beach, Carrollton, Georgia

Lagoon Park, Salt Lake City, Utah

P.O. Box 3038, Clearwater Beach, Florida. ENTIRE state of Florida.

MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER

Upon receipt of this coupon, you will receive a form which entitles you to compete in the MISS AMERICAN TEENAGER Contest at PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, PALISADE, N.J. Only girls from 13 to 17 are eligible to enter. Enter this exciting nation-wide beauty contest, win fabulous prizes and appear on TV!

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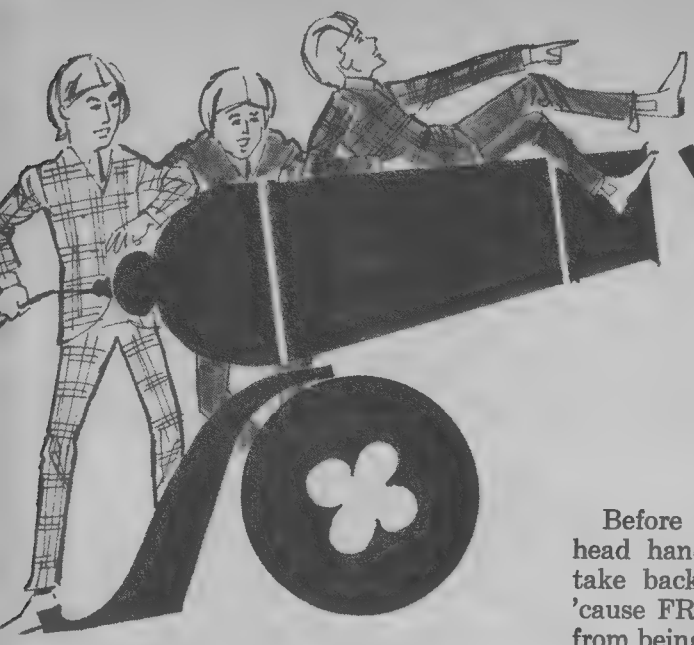


WAY OUT GOSSIP

IT happened with fantastic suddenness. One minute I'm looking at TINA (Christina, when I'm being formal) SINATRA and she's just a cute little tyke. And a minute later, when my back is turned —or so it seemed—wham! . . . she's like something from WOWSVILLE! Gorjus and all grown up . . . and all the guys going out of their minds over her. Did Tina ever inherit her old man's charms—and then some!

Tina Sinatra, daughter of you-know-WHOM, with Jimmy Boyd.

Twosome to watch: Suzanne Pleshette and Billie-boy Bixby.

Before I have my handsome head handed to me, I'd better take back that "old man" bit, 'cause FRANK SINATRA is far from being old, according to MIA FARROW. He's younger than springtime and twice as lively . . . again, according to Mia. I consider her something of an authority on the subject since she's head over heart mad about the man. And I'm mad about Mia, and don't think I haven't told her. "Oh, you're funny," she tells me, not knowing that she's giving the *kool* treatment to 007½. Well, not really *kool*, but warm and friendly. Sometimes she treats me like an uncle . . . and I don't mean that uncle from U.N.C.L.E. It's all too complicated, I know, so I'll move on to . . .

PAUL PETERSEN and PATTY DUKE! Yes, yes, yes . . . they've got great big fat stars in their eyes . . . for each other. I shook Paul by the shoulder 'cause I thot he was in a trance. I was just about to douse him with cold water when he came to. "Uh . . . wha-a-sa matter!" "That's my question," I told him. "Wha-a-sa matter with YOU! You look like a sleep walker!"

"Nothing's the matter with me," he said, trying to shake the stardust out of his eyes. "Why do you ask?" I thot I'd fall on my face from laffing.

I asked because I was making secret notes for my Wayout Gossip column. And because, of course, I'm a curious guy, especially when I smell a romance in the oven.

It all came out in a rush! "Isn't she something?" Paul sighed. "She sure is," I agreed. "Boy, am I glad she's going to live in California," he sighed again. "I'm going to go over to the UA set to watch her work in *Billie*," he said. "Oh, good," I said. "I'll go along with you," I invited myself. I knew that would do it. Paul became wide awake; he lost that trancelike look. "Who invited you?" he asked, and none too gallantly, I felt. And I thot: "Ah! the boy's jealous of little ole 007½, only he doesn't know I'm 007½. To Paul, I'm a guy around town who plays the dating scene with all the gals—oh, all right—*almost* all the gals in the glamor

Mia Farrow yakking with big Jody McCrea.

All the boys are wild, but WILD—about Victoria Meyerink.

HOT GOSSIP TATTLETALE

by 007½

Like 007½ said: Kathy Kersh made Vince a changed man.

Dick Chamberlain 'n' cute Joan Marshall.

Curtis Kent's doll date: Bev Washburn.

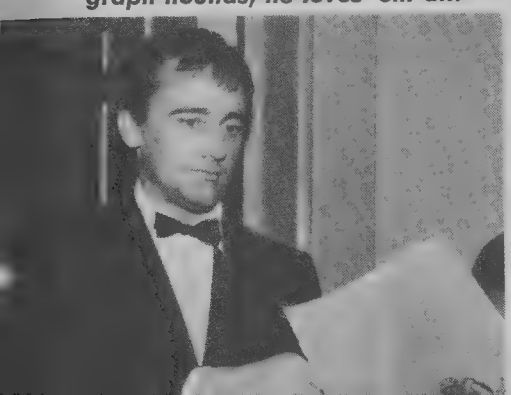
department. He looked at me, none too friendly, with a hint of jealousy in his eyes. "Okay, okay," I laffed my hollowest laff, "I'll leave the field clear for you . . . but don't say I didn't warn you that you've got competish, and I do mean FRANK SINATRA, JR. Remember, he's got it bad for Patty, too. And where does Donna fit in?" With that I leave you.

I got an S.O.S. from CHRIS ROBINSON, now starring in the ABC-TV 12 O'Clock High *series. Seems my pal Chris lost his pad during his long stay in Florida. It seems, too, that he got an S.O.S. from the* 12 O'Clock High *producer, MARTIN QUINN, to return on the double to California to don a uniform and a G.I. haircut for the series. "Fine thing," I said to myself, "that's all I need is to have Chris around trying to make time with my gals. I could just picture him answering the phone when I'm not there and putting on that charm act . . . taking a message and then introducing himself and the gal at the other end breathing into the phone . . . "not THE Chris Robinson." Oh, brother! But a pal's a pal and I put him up for a few nites until he found himself a pad fit for a king. And yes, there's a P.S. to this true tale of woe . . . Chris lined up a date for himself with BARBARA PARKINS . . . That odd shade in my face hasn't anything to do with a faulty liver but I've got a good case of green . . . like in envy. Pals I need??!!*

It looks like the good doctor and I do mean VINCE EDWARDS, has lost his scowl—and for a good reason. Her name is KATHY KERSH. She not only has what it takes to cure any human being, just looking at her knocks me out. Vince, too. He's a changed man since she orbited into his life. So give a lissen for those wedding chimes.

It was a big nite for Donna Loren and man-oh!-man Paul P.

Bob Vaughn surrounded by autograph hounds; he loves 'em all.



Yep, George Hamilton 'n' Brigitte Laaff, dating.

I WANNA KISS HIM!

KISS WHO? HERMAN!

KISS HIM! KISS HIM!

We could just eat him up alive! We could hug him to pieces. Who? HERMAN, of course! Just dig these pix and see for yourself if you can resist his adorable monkey-face. How 'bout that shot of him, opposite page, smiling? Isn't it too much? Or these pix of him performing? When Herman's singing seriously, he looks much older than his 17 years, don't you think? But when he smiles, he becomes a rascal! He's still got his famous "fang" but it's been loosened by over-zealous fans. Still loves you, though! 'N' you still love him!

HERMAN! HERMAN!

MORE ON HERMAN

I WANNA KISS HIM! WHO? HERMAN!

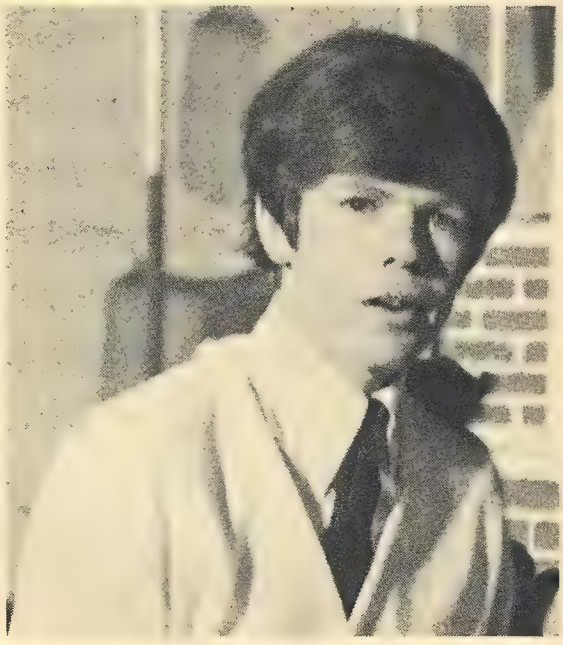
HERMAN is so funny. We crack up every time we talk to him. Last time (which was yesterday), we spent hours together. And what did we talk about? EGGS! Herman has some pretty strong opinions on this subject. Of course we're going to tell you exactly what they are, but first we must warn you that it gets pretty funny. So find yourself a chair—or you'll fall down!

'Oh, I'm so hungry, I think I'll die," Herman groaned. Then suddenly his eyes lit up. "Ah, I know what I'd love right now . . . eggs! Eggs fried in a bunch of grease till they're crackling hot. Then I'd love a piece of hot toast smeared with butter. Lots of butter. I love butter. Oh, would I love that right now!"

But that's not all. Herman continued to dream about those eggs and here's what he said.

"If I had that toast, I'd lay it down flat on my plate. Then I'd get some chips—uh, French fries I think you call them—and I'd line the chips on the toast, one next to the other. Oh, man! Then I'd fold it over—ver-r-y carefully, into half a sandwich. And smash! I'd mash it right *down into my eggs and* squish it around 'til it was all yellow . . . then mmm-mmm!"

Then Herman sat back, looking almost as satisfied as if he'd actually eaten his favorite dish—instead of just dreaming it. He's a riot!



Top & right, Herman on the Hullabaloo set. Herman and his Hermits have a great sound, are a GREAT group. Below, Herman & his Hermits rehearse a number. Dig the hearts in the background!

Left, luvable Herman cuts up. What a card! Above, a side pose of cutie-pie. The audience went wild for him. Right, in a suit, he sings for actual performance.

Herman & the Hermits record on the MGM label.

KISSING CONTEST

Yes, YOU can KISS HIM! KISS HIM! KISS HIM! YES! YES! YES!

WE MEAN YOU CAN KISS HERMAN!

Don't just dream about kissing kissable HERMAN . . . do something about it . . . NOW! This very minute! Herman WILL—really and truly—KISS the LUCKY WINNER of the WHY I WANT TO KISS HERMAN CONTEST! And to keep reminding you that you weren't just dreaming, TL will take a pix of YOU KISSING HERMAN, a pix you can keep 'n' keep 'n' keep . . . All you have to do is fill in the coupon and mail it sooner than SOON!

KISSING HERMAN CONTEST

Name: _____ **Age:** _____

Address: _____

City: _____ **State:** _____ **Zip Code:** _____

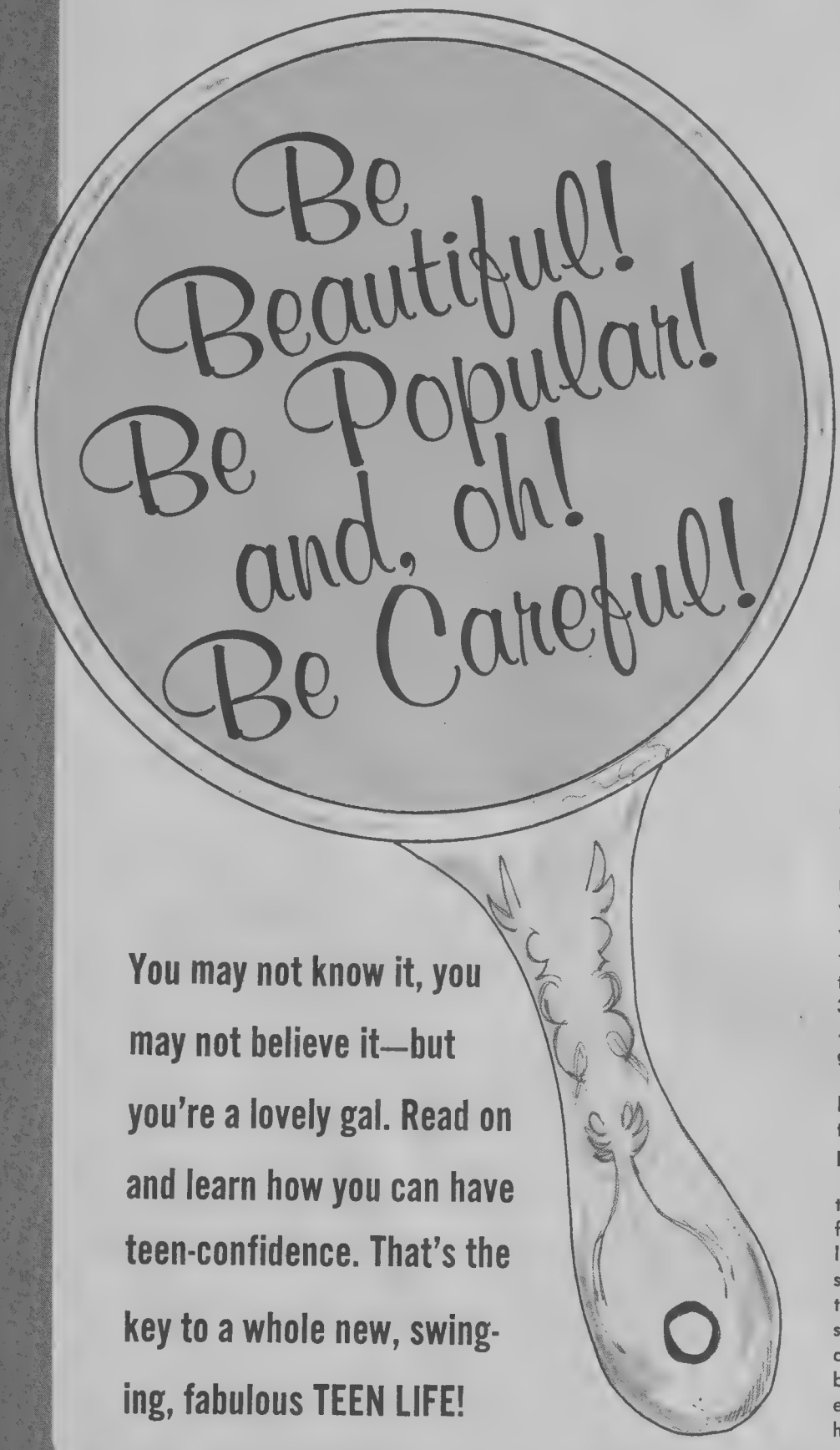
I'd LUV to KISS HERMAN because: _____

_____

_____

Contest closes September 15, 1965. The decision of the judges is final. No entries can be returned.

Mail to: HERMAN c/o TEEN LIFE, P. O. Box 3585,
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017



You may not know it, you may not believe it—but you're a lovely gal. Read on and learn how you can have teen-confidence. That's the key to a whole new, swinging, fabulous TEEN LIFE!

HOW you'd love to wake up one morning, look into your mirror—and see a beautiful girl staring back at you. Well, it's a very nice dream, but to be perfectly honest, it just doesn't happen that way! Being beautiful takes work. But if you want it enough, the work is really kind of fun.

We at TEEN LIFE know you, care about you . . . and want you to look your very best. We worry about you when you're depressed and laugh with you when you're happy. And we know that you *feel* best when you *look* best. When you like the way your hair turned out, and you love the dress you're wearing, we see you walk down the street with your head held high and proud, with a smile forming on your sweet pink lips.

So you see, being beautiful isn't just experimenting with the right makeup—though that's part of the work. It's also feeling good—*or as we at TL call it*— teen confidence.

For instance, suppose you have brown hair and you've just had it cut into one of those sleek, short do's. You're wearing a touch of powder and a beige lipstick. The A-line dress you're wearing is your favorite because it flatters your figure. But when you stand before your mirror, you feel dissatisfied with what you see. Now this is where the work comes in. This is the time to tell yourself, "I really look great today. Okay, perhaps I could lose 3 pounds and my nose isn't perfect . . . but I still look great and I feel great."

Soon, you'll even begin to believe it because, after all, it's true. You are lovely. You are pretty.

Of course, you could do a few things to help correct your imperfections. For instance, for that too-long nose: try a dab of brown eye shadow or dark powder at the bottom tip of your nose. Presto! It looks shorter! And wait 'till you try a touch of white makeup on your lids and below your eyebrows; it makes your eyes bigger and brighter without the harsh look of shadow.

And now that you're feeling so swinging, there's that little matter of popularity . . .

Beauty and popularity go together like ham and cheese. When you feel pretty, you feel friendlier, too.

Janey was invited to a Sweet-Sixteen party and was asked to bring a date. Well, Janey wasn't going with any particular boy. In fact, Janey wasn't dating anyone! But of course, there was a boy she thought was great—only she'd never even spoken to him.

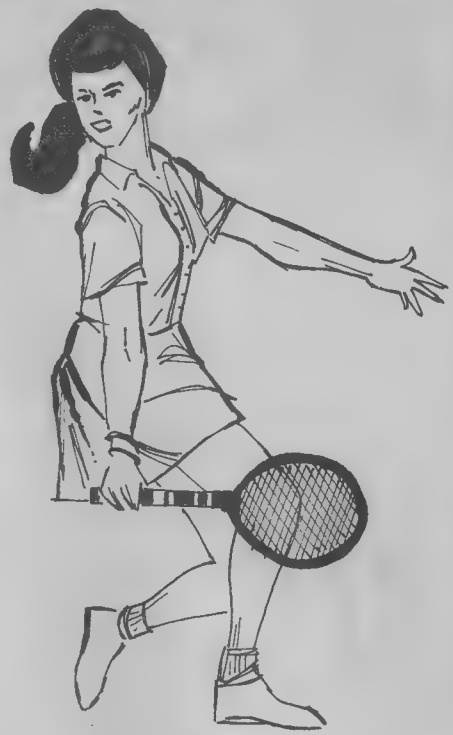
Two days after she'd gotten her invitation, she happened to notice HIM (Steve) waiting for a bus. Ordinarily, she would just pass him by, without so much as lifting her eyes to meet his, without so much as a smile—much less a "hello." But this time it was different. Janey looked at her reflection in a store window and said to herself, "Hmm, I'm really not so bad looking. And I've got a sense of humor. Maybe, if I asked him, he'd really like to go with me to the party."

Well, Janey was right. It seems Steve was the shy type, himself. But when Janey came over with a sweet, friendly "hi" he smiled and soon they were deep in conversation. P.S.: He accepted her invitation, of course!

You'd be surprised how many boys have the same feelings of shyness that you have. They worry about asking a girl out, afraid she'll refuse him. They worry about what to say to a girl, how to keep the conversation going. So sometimes, it's up to you to help a boy get over his shyness . . . even though you're feeling the same exact way yourself.

Diane once helped Bobby in this way. "Even though I hardly knew him, I always liked Bobby. Then one day, he won the school track meet. I went over to him and told him I thought it was just wonderful. I didn't act forward or anything. Soon, I was asking him about track meets and how fast you have to run and all that. So Bobby suggested that I come down to the next track practice and see for myself . . . and after, we'd have a coke together."

That was Diane's first date with Bobby—but it sure wasn't her last! Bobby liked Diane because she was warm and friendly and fun.



Popularity can happen to you, too. Sometimes all it takes is a smile!

Once you do begin to make more friends, another problem arises. Cynthia tells it this way . . .

"I began to join clubs at school, take up new hobbies . . . and through these I began to make new friends." One, we might add, in particular—a boy—a very special boy named Al.

Cynthia and Al began seeing more and more of each other. It soon got to the point where Al would drive down to the lake and the two would neck for hours. If Cynthia had come to us then, we would have warned her. We would have said, "Oh, Cynthia, be careful! Be very careful! We know you care for Al. We know you like to be with him. But you also don't want to get into a situation you can't handle — and that's exactly what necking for hours in a secluded spot leads to."

A sweet kiss good night is fine, a warm hug is a lovely way to show a boy you care. More than that—and you're treading on thin ice. And any good skater knows to avoid danger zones.

"I'm crazy about Paul," Karen told us. "But I'm not ready to get too serious, and neither is he. So we often go to parties, or double date . . . to be with other people and have fun. That way, we don't have a lot of time on our hands; time just to sit around and neck."

Annette, who's 15, says she avoids getting too serious about a boy by not dating any boy too long. "It's not that I'm fickle, or conceited. It's just that I'm meeting all these wonderful people lately and having the time of my life. Everyone says the teen years are the luckiest most fun-filled and I'm finding out it's so!"

Annette is so right. Have a little patience. Have a little teen confidence . . . and you'll see. Your teen life will soon be swinging!

DREE-M-mmm-ee WHO'S YOUR

TELL US AND WIN! WIN! WIN! 550 PRIZES!

PERSONALLY, we think trying to choose between two of the greatest guys on earth is an absolute impossibility—at least, almost an impossibility. Of course, we mean DAVID McCALLUM and BOB VAUGHN, co-stars of that terrif NBC-TV spy series, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* They are both so-oooo manly! And handsome! And intelligent!

We could go on and on raving 'n' raving about Bob and David, but—well, we'd rather have YOU tell us because, after all, this is a contest and YOU have a chance to WIN one of the 550 PRIZES . . . simply by filling in the coupon (opposite page) and mailing it to TL quicklike. If you simply find it impossible to choose between David and Bob, that's okay, too. Very much okay . . . because we understand how difficult it is to make such a decision. So

SPY CONTEST!

FAVE U.N.C.L.E.?

DAVID?

if you can't say you like Dave better 'n' you like Bob, but that both dolls are your faves, then check that box in the coupon and tell why you feel the way you do.

Now, David may not be the tallest fella in the world (who needs tall!) but he certainly is one of the most fearless. And what a delicious voice this Glasgow, Scotland-born hero has. And dreamy blue eyes to make your heart melt. But there's more to dear old David than oodles of appeal. He's a fab actor and has a marvelous personality.

And what about Robert Vaughn, you ask. He's too much! What's more he's divinely single. And divinely talented. And has the brownest brown eyes. Gosh, Bob makes you feel proud to be an American the way he takes care of those awful spies.

Now . . . YOU can be one of the 550 lucky winners! The first 50 WINNERS will each RECEIVE a GORGEOUS CHARM BRACELET with YOUR MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. imprinted on it. And for 500 LUCKY WINNERS . . . A WALLET-SIZE CARD . . . showing that YOU ARE A MEMBER IN GOOD STANDING in the THRUSH Organization . . . in other words, U.N.C.L.E.!!! Your friends will envy your being a member of the same organization as DAVID McCALLUM and BOB VAUGHN. And Oh, those CHARM BRACELETS!

DREE-M-mm-eee CONTEST

WHO'S YOUR FAVE U.N.C.L.E.

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

I dig DAVID McCALLUM ☐ *BOB VAUGHN* ☐ *They're both my favorites* ☐ *because* _____

_____

_____

_____

The decision of the judges is final. No entries can be returned. Contest closes September 15, 1965.

Mail to UNCLE Contest c/o TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y. 10017

DONNA LOREN asks:

HOW CAN I TELL

MY PARENTS?

To every girl, some thoughts, some feelings are so private, they cannot be talked about—ever!

DONNA LOREN'S hair is soft, and long, and brown, and silky. Yet there she was, standing before her mirror with every last hair in place, about to set her locks with the hugest rollers we'd ever seen!

"But you just came from the beauty parlor, Donna!" we protested. "Honest, your hair looks darling."

Donna giggled. Then she picked up a roller and as she parted her hair, said, "I know it sounds silly. But every time I get my hair set, I have to come home and do it all over myself. It never looks right otherwise."

Donna is just about the most feminine girl we know. She talks in a low, sweet voice and looks at you when she's speaking (even when she's setting her hair). She adores shoes and wears the cutest and most unusual styles. She wears makeup, we must admit, but it's ever so naturally applied. In fact, everything about her is natural.

"Well, I don't see why I have to put on airs just because a lot of people know my name," says Donna. "I hate to impress people."

When Donna finished re-setting her hair and had put on a bright scarf, she sat down on her bed with her legs crossed Indian style. Now was the time to get serious because we'd just brought up a very serious subject—dating and BOYS!

"I love to go out on dates, but I hate first dates," Donna began. "I remember the first time I went out with Marty."

"Wait a minute!" we cried. "Who is Marty?"

Oh, he's a wonderful, marvelous boy I've been dating," Donna answered, her eyes lighting up at the mention of his name. "He's a student at UCLA in Berkeley. He's 20 years old and so brilliant. As I said, I can remember the first time I went out with him. It was the only blind date I'd ever gone on—I hate them. He'd gotten my number through a relative of mine. When he called, we talked for a long time . . ."

Suddenly, Donna stopped talking and seemed to be in her own world of dreaming memories. We hated to interrupt her, but we were just dying to hear more.

"Okay, okay," she continued. "I agreed to go out with him but soon after, I learned that he couldn't stand show biz people. So you can imagine how nervous I was."

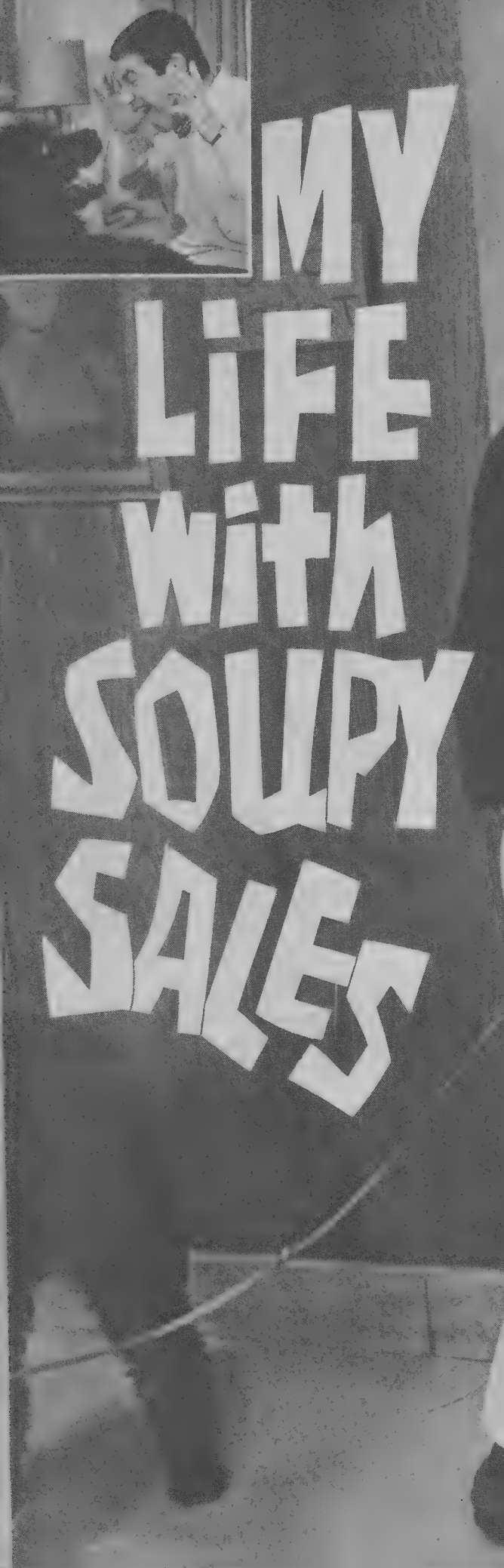
As it turned out, they got along beautifully. Marty, of course, was surprised to learn Donna was an actress but she was so charming, he had to change his whole attitude about the people in the show biz field. They went to a movie and then for a burger 'n' soda. For hours they watched the people walking by their table, and played a game of wondering what they did for a living, whether they were married or not and what their secret ambition in life was. By the end of the evening, they were hysterical with laughter.

"And what about kissing on a date?" we asked her.

Now Donna's eyes became misty and sort-of frightened. When she did speak, her voice was no more than a whisper. "If—if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about that. You see, a kiss to me is so very personal. It's something you don't talk about. Why, I can hardly discuss it with my parents—and I tell them practically everything. But I must have some things that are so private that no one else in the whole world knows about but me. These are sacred thoughts and feelings so how can I tell you or my parents or anybody about them? Do you see what I mean?"

Yes, we did and we told Donna that in a way, every girl must have her secret dreams, her special thoughts that are hers and hers alone. We told her we respected her for having principles, and for cherishing her most personal memories. And we know you do, too.

Donna with her young and hip parents, snapped on AIP's Sergeant Deadhead set. The gorjus gal stars on the swingin' Shindig, records, Capitol.



MY LIFE with SOUPY SALES

The most amazing story you've ever read about those fab Sales. It's written by that great author, Beauty Sales... ...And WOW! will YOU go for those terrif' Sales boys!

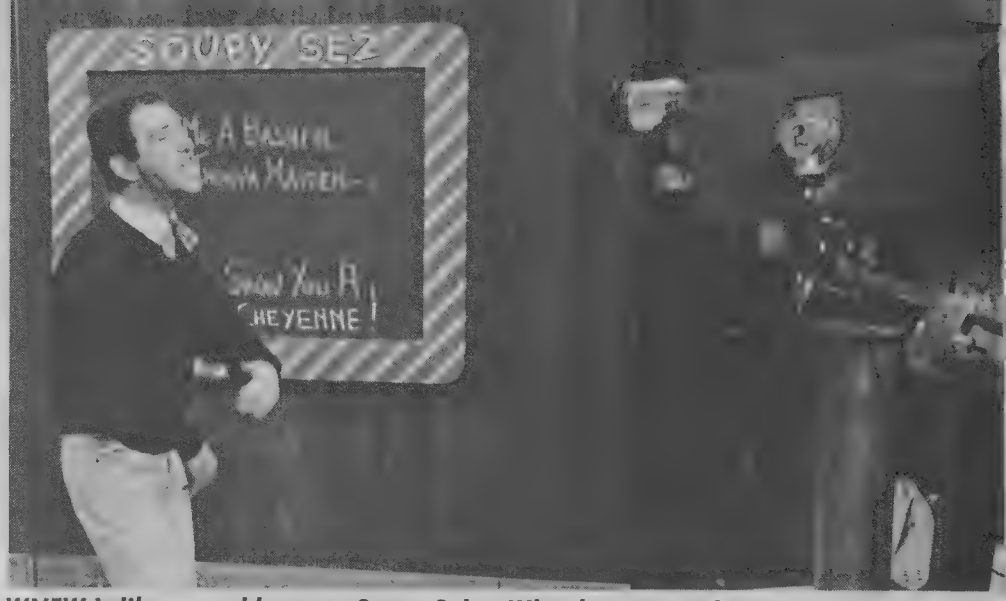
■ Don't tell anybody, but I saw tears in my master's eyes. He doesn't even know that I peeked. And if you can keep another secret I will confess that I had tears in my own eyes. They were tears of happiness. When I saw all those millions of people yelling out, "we LOVE you, SOUPY SALES!" I got all choked up. You see, I, too, love Soupy Sales. He's my lord and master. I also love BARBARA and TONY and HUNT SALES. They are my FAMILY! Just because I have four paws doesn't mean that I'm not a people — I mean, person. My family understands everything I say. The important thing is that they love me. Truly.

But to get back to those tears I saw in Soupy's eyes. He's so thrilled to have his fans care about him so much. He was overwhelmed when kids from six to sixty

waited in lines that were blocks and blocks long from 2:30 in the morning so that they could see him on the Paramount stage. This show of affection went on for all the shows. The crowds were hysterical. I know they didn't hear him sing The Mouse and his other great songs because they screamed and screamed throughout his act. It was a very moving thing to see. I was proud, you can believe me, because my name is BEAUTY SALES.

I guess I should be used to seeing my master loved by so many people. Why, even when he performed at Rutgers—that's a college — the students went absolutely wild over him. They simply would not let him off the stage. When he finally took his last bow it was something trying to break away. Everybody wanted his autograph — and mine. Oh, don't laugh. Just because I'm a dog doesn't mean that I can't sign an autograph with my paws. I can. Anyway, Soupy doesn't take his popularity for granted. It just makes him try harder to entertain and please his fans.

We're a BEATLE family, if you know what I mean. Tony and Hunt have Beatle cuts and, listen, I want you to mark my words well. TONY and the TIGERS are

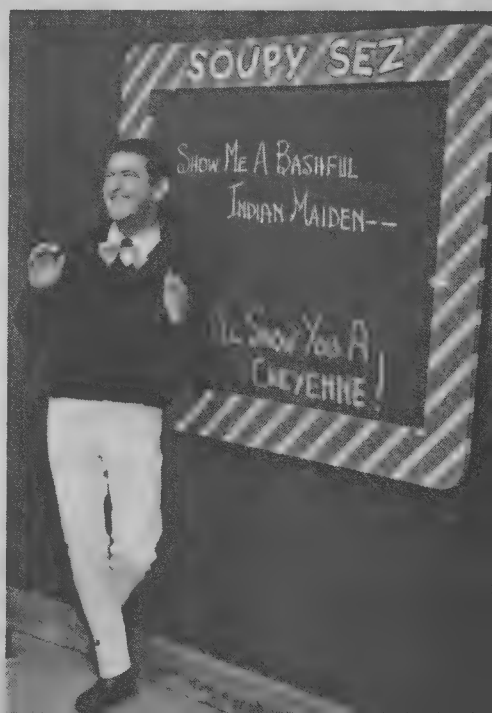


WNEW is like second home to Soupy Sales. What happens in his TV living room is not to be believed; it's too wonderful.

It looks as though Soupy is being told off by his good buddy.

Characters pop up and out from the most unexpected places.

Poor Soupy gets a dousing even when he makes like a hero. But that's part of the fun while watching him.



headed for stardom. The group is made up of Tony, 14; Hunt, 11; JOHN MEREDITH (son of actor BURGESS MEREDITH), 13, and JEFF ALPERT, son of a psychiatrist.

As for Tony—WOW!—the girls go out of their minds over him. He's HANDSOME and a straight A student. I'll have to tell you more about Tony another time because he's too much and I know when his first record is released the girls will want to know EVERYTHING about him, and I'm just the one to tell ALL!

As for Barbara Sales, she's a living doll if I ever saw one. She started to date Soupy when she was 16 and he was in college. They had such a pretty courtship. Very romantic, and sometimes, when they are feeling sentimental they talk about the old days when Soupy was poor, but boy, did he have big dreams. Barbara is gorgeous with her pale skin, green eyes and slimly curved figure. It's hard to believe that she's the mother of two teenagers. She was a model (she could still be one) and in the early days worked with Soupy on radio and TV. Please come back next month for lots more stuff about my luvs.

love, Beauty

Soupy "lecturing," left. Above: Tony and Hunt Sales. Beauty (below) with his wonderful family.

Tony and Hunt relaxing. A close-up of handsome Tony.

SOUPY'S OWN GIANT GIVEAWAY CONTEST!

Take a look at the fabulous prizes from the one and only SOUPY SALES . . . YOU can be one of the lucky 55 winners . . .

HOW'D you like to wear one of SOUPY SALES' own jackets with a furry look . . . or a Soupy raincoat? What a question! Of course you would. Who wouldn't?

Soupy is *everybody's* luv . . . from Maine to California. It isn't only because he's tall 'n' terrif' and is America's most beloved comic . . . and one of our most popular recording stars (on ABC-Paramount label), but there's ever so much more to Soupy. He's a wonderful human being . . . kind, friendly, mad about his fans and a great family man. There isn't a person in the entertainment world who hasn't flipped for Soupy. ED SULLIVAN, for instance, has promised his CBS-TV viewers to keep bringing Soupy back on his swingin' show. You know what happens on Sullivan's Sunday night show, no doubt. The audience goes wild—but wild—at the mere mention of Soupy's name. And when he gets up to perform—WOW! Screamsville!

As for FRANK SINATRA, JOEY BISHOP, TONY CURTIS, etc., they continue to appear on Soupy's own show over WNEW-TV. So what if Soupy unexpectedly throws a pie in Sinatra's face! Or Soupy is surprised by one from his guest star! That's funsville!

But to get back to SOUPY's OWN GIANT GIVEAWAY . . . YOU can win one of his personal gifts by merely filling in and mailing the coupon below. But first take a look at the other prizes:

T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS, BELTS, SCARVES, BOWS, WALLETS, COSMETIC PURSES, CLUTCH BAGS, PURSES and CASES, KEY CHAIN SETS, JEWEL BOXES, NOVELTY PENS and PENCILS, TEEN LINGERIE, SLIPS, PAJAMAS, LUNCH BOXES with THERMOS BOTTLES and wayout HALLOWEEN COSTUMES and masks; not forgetting Soupy's latest ABC-Paramount albums.

Yes, that's right . . . 55 specially selected gifts from Soupy . . . gifts you will treasure because they are from the one and only SOUPY SALES!

SOUPY'S OWN GIANT GIVEAWAY CONTEST

Name:_____ Age:____ Size:____

Address:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:____

WOW! Would I ever love to WIN one of SOUPY'S very own prizes that appear on this page because

_____

_____

_____

The decision of the judges is final. No entries can be returned. Contest closes September 15, 1965.

Address: Soupy Sales Contest c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

THE BACHELORS

Are they ever!

IF you saw THE BACHELORS on the Ed Sullivan Show **recently, we don't have to tell you how good-looking these three darlin's from Ireland are.**

CON and DEC CLUSKEY are brothers. Both studied music very seriously back in Dublin. JOHN STOKES, on the other hand, had little musical training before joining the group.

It took many years for the Bachelors to reach their present height of success. Life sure wasn't a bed of roses for these ambitious three. "There were times," Dec tells us, "when we slept three in a bed, lived on baked beans and porridge, borrowed each other's clothes for special occasions, and spent a winter in an apartment with no heat or hot water . . . and a leaky roof!"

John was born August 13, 1940 and might have become an international football star if it weren't for an injury he suffered the day before his tryout for the Irish Soccer Team!

Dec was born 12/23/42 and Con was born 11/18/41. They're both fun-loving yet serious and sensitive, too. In other words, they're great!

The Bachelors, who record for London Records, are a gear group.

LUCKY WINNERS of the MIKE ALLEN CHARM BRACELETS and MGM RECORDS CONTEST

Margaret Ann Abrams
Mehoupany, Pa.

Shirley Mitchell
Avon Lake, Ohio

Jean Christians
Bronx, New York

Karen Faulkner
Lowell, Mass.

Cindy Jones
Greenville, Ill.

Ina Miller
New York, N.Y.

Sadie Garage
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Margaret Heddle
Dundas, Ont., Canada

Helen Wojniusz
Irvington, N.J.

Karen Ginsberg
Dedham, Mass.

Jeanne Eriksson
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Susan Meyer
Hawthorne, New York

Mary Ablan
Royal Oak, Mich.

Chris Dubioso
Cleveland, Ohio

Linda Bryce
Dearborn, Mich.

Terry Monahan
Montreal, Canada

Angie Richardson
Carlsbad, Calif.

Mary Ann Lubinski
Waterbury, Conn.

Connie Bunkelman
Seymour, Wisc.

Kathryn Stecyk
Alhambra, Calif.

Becky Holmberg
Fairbanks, Alaska

Lorraine Lee
New York, N.Y.

Donna Turner
Ralla, Mo.

Maxine Knox
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Marlene Rosen
Freeport, New York

Caryn Perlin
North Hollywood, Calif.

Lorraine Dietzie
New York, N.Y.

Linda Shirley
Winnsboro, Texas

L. A. DiDio
College Point, N.Y.

Nancy Newton
Danville, Va.

Pheby Jane Knierim
Columbus, Ohio

Sherry Smith
Abingdon, Md.

Linda Rizzo
Norridge, Ill.

Shirley Quon
L. A., Calif.

Pat Wrubel
Long Island City, N.Y.

Sherry Hasting
Omaha, Nebr.

Peggy Culberth
Barnwell, S. C.

Barb Lutz
Gary, Ind.

Gail Brestein
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Luanne Lessley
Sallisaw, Oklahoma

Lynette Moore
Norman, Okla.

Diana Bowen
Brentwood, New York

Donna Martens
Newton, Ill.

Diane Mazzola
Philadelphia, Pa.

Debbie Boyd
Maywood, N.J.

Kim Thomas, Madison, Wisc.

WINNER of the SPEND A DAY ON THE DONNA REED SET WITH PAUL PETERSEN

Margie Holman, Lakeside, Calif.

DICK CHAMBERLAIN CALLING CONTEST WINNER

Pamela Bickoff, Claremont, Calif.

Watch for more contest winners in Nov. '65 TEEN LIFE

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*Lights
*Excitement

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Now at last you can learn to sing like all famous record artists do — by actually singing to the accompaniment of lavish background arrangements, or simple arrangements depending on the type of song you will be recording. No expense has been spared in bringing you the finest musicians and best Hollywood singers to show you how this can be done. You can learn to sing all the current types of music — *Rhythm and Blues, Rock 'n' Roll, Country/Western, Pop, Folk,* etc., with a new line of records created especially for you. Just imagine yourself singing to *lush, rocking, rhythmic* backgrounds that will make you the sensation of your friends and hometown! Fame and fortune — the EXCITEMENT OF A RECORDING CONTRACT — may be staring you in the face right now. Give yourself that chance. If you rush your order now we'll include a special FREE MYSTERY GIFT worth $1.98 in itself.

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Enclosed is $1.98 (cash or money order only). Please send me Record No. 1 of the series, "How To Be A Famous Recording Star," plus free mystery gift package worth $1.98 alone.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

DIALING THE DJ's with TJ

Tell it to TJ if you want to brag about yor fave DJ. Send notes, Fan Club 'n' pix . . .

Jack (WMID) Sterling in Atlantic City, N.J. with the Beatles in wax!

Mike (WAMD) Blare, Maryland's 3-D DeeJay!

Boom Boom (WPTR) Branagan with T.J. and a pile of new discs.

FAN CLUB CALLING: Miss BONNIE BAKER dropped us a note and photo of her No. 1 DJ, ART MANN, who spins 'em over WJOB, Hammond, Indiana. Art is on the air Monday through Friday, 7 pm to 1 am and Saturday nights from 6 pm to 1 am. When it comes to talking, Art always has something new to talk about. He can ad lib with the best of the Hollywood comics. In the request department, Art gets so many, it's hard to figure out how he gets 'em all in . . . but then, he's quite a guy. And how he digs teens! Wow! In fact, he gets his biggest joy out of MCing local record hops and teen socials. We know you'll want to join the Art Mann Fan Club, so drop a line for the particulars to Bonnie Baker, 1586 Wentworth, Calumet City, Ill.

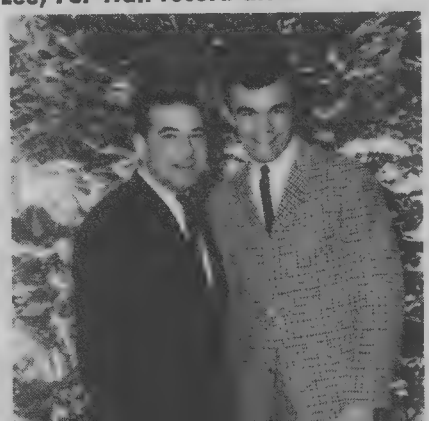
THE DOUBLE PLAY COMBO: In Rocky Mountain, N.C. the two big men are DON WILLIAMS and HOWIE ANDERSON of WEED Radio. Don is the morning man and awakens adults 'n teens alike with his swingin' country and western music. Then along comes Howie with the afternoon session. When the teens hit out after school, they press the familiar button in their car radios to Howie and the latest in American and British music. So if you are ever down in N.C., drop in.

RADIO'S 3-D: You may not believe this but BARBARA WILD, of Baltimore, Md., tells us about her 3-D DeeJay. It's MIKE BLARE, the Knight of the Turntables at WAMD, Aberdeen, Maryland. This is Mike's first job in radio, but he's doing sweller than swell. He's made a big dent with the folks in Aberdeen and they listen to him weekdays from 6-11 pm and Saturdays from 2-11:15 pm. To join his Fan Club, write to Barbara Wild, 46-01 Manasota Ave., Baltimore, Md.

WAXED BEATLES: Unusual . . . yes, unusual! Tussand's Wax Museum on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City, N.J. has the only display of the world famous BEATLES in wax in the whole USA! WMID's JACK STERLING, who is a big teen hit in Atlantic City, was there for opening day as thousands jammed the famous musee to catch the mop-haired 4.

BOOM BOOM: Still swinging out over WPTR Radio, Albany, N. Y. with its powerful 50,000 watts is BOOM BOOM BRANAGAN. With his fans numbering over 30,000

Jay (WAEB) Sands with Dickey Lee, TCF-Hall record artist.



Don Williams & Howie Anderson (WEED) of Rocky Mountain, N.C.

strong, Boom Boom is known and loved down the whole East Coast. But besides swinging on the air, he keeps up a full Hop schedule in upper N.Y. State. Dial him in at 1540. To join the Boom Boom Branagan Fan Club, write to him at WPTR Radio, Box 1540, 1820 Central Ave., Albany 5, N.Y.

ALLENTOWN, PA.: Any time you're near Allentown, Pa., give a listen to WAEB Radio and JAY SANDS. Jay is well-liked in the community and just about every recording artist from all over the world has something nice to say about him. All I can say is ditto!

NYC ON THE GO GO: Turn your dial to 77 on your radio and what comes out is one of the swinginest sounds ever to be heard. It's WABC's Go Go Radio, of course! Under the guiding hand of Program Director RICK SKLAR, anything goes!

Dan Ingram, Bobby Dayton, Bob Lewis and Cousin Brucie of WABC Radio.

T.J. had a ball with Kapp's Gene Armond & The Searchers.

Art (WJOB) Mann is teen idol of the Hammond, Indiana area.

The Geator, Jerry Blavat with TL's own T.J.

"HI! I'M JERI LAWRENCE— JERI OF HOLLYWOOD!"

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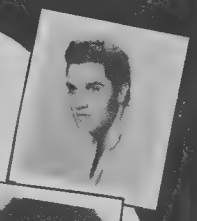
Choose from these **100 TOP STARS,** *or any others! See instructions below.*

Nick Adams
Paul Anka
Ann-Margret
Frankie Avalon
Max Baer Jr.
Lucille Ball
Brigette Bardot
Gene Barry
The Beatles together
Ringo alone
George alone
John alone
Paul alone
Dan Blocker
Pat Boone
Peter Brown
Edd Byrnes
Angela Cartwright
George Chakiris
Dick Chamberlain
Gary Clarke
Chuck Connors
Robert Conrad
Gary Conway
Bobby Crawford
Johnny Crawford
Tony Curtis
James Darren
Doris Day
James Dean
Sandra Dee
Troy Donahue
Dion
Donna Douglas
James Drury
Patty Duke
Clint Eastwood
Vincent Edwards
Everly Brothers
Shelley Fabares
Fabian Forte
Connie Francis
James Franciscus
Robert Fuller
James Garner
John Gavin
Lorne Greene
Clu Gulager
Ty Hardin
Robert Horton
Rock Hudson
Jeff Hunter
Tab Hunter
Will Hutchins
David Janssen
Rick Jason
Danny Kaye
Linda Kaye
Michael Landon
Jerry Lewis
Gary Lockwood
Robert Logan
Carol Lynley
Sue Lyon
George Maharis
Jayne Mansfield
Doug McClure
Peter McEnery
Gardner McKay
Steve McQueen
Scott Miller
Hayley Mills
Sal Mineo
Marilyn Monroe
Mary Tyler Moore
Vic Morrow
Rick Nelson
Paul Newman
Paul Petersen
Suzanne Pleshette
Elvis Presley
Debbie Reynolds
Cliff Richard
Jeannine Riley
Pernell Roberts
Bobby Rydell
John Smith
Roger Smith
Connie Stevens
Inger Stevens
Elizabeth Taylor
Dick Van Dyke
Clint Walker
Deborah Walley
John Wayne
Guy Williams
Natalie Wood
Pat Woodell
Lorretta Young
Efrem Zimbalist



"THE KING" The one and only ELVIS PRESLEY (who else?) just received 15 NEW POSES— 1 8x10—2 5x7 12 wallets. The price $1.98 Rush your order to me NOW!! — Jeri

INSTRUCTIONS: 1. Print the names of your favorite stars (even if not listed above) on a sheet of paper. 2. For each name you select, enclose 10c to cover mailing and handling costs; for extra quick special service, please enclose 25c extra. 3. Print your own name and address clearly.

Mail to me at this address:

JERI OF HOLLYWOOD
DEPT. 3249
707 N. SIERRA BONITA AVE.
HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.

DJ of the MONTH TOM SHANNON

Tom Shannon of CKLW in Detroit, Mich. is the end in the looks and sound department. And gals, his birthday is almost here! Hm-mm!!

ASIDE from being one of the most talented, most brilliant, most personality-loaded deejays around, TOM SHANNON is also one of the most good-lookin' guys you'll ever set eyes on! No pictures can do him true justice . . . you've gotta see his face to believe it 'cos it's gorjus!

What's more, Tom's got a birthday (August 11) coming up in a week or two so we think this is the perf time to be giving him all these well-deserved compliments. Don't you?

Now to the inside info on this great guy. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y. of French-Canadian and Irish parents. According to his doting mom and pop, Tom was practically born a good talker. He was so ambitious that while attending Bishop Ryan High School he got a job at WXRA, a daytime radio station in Buffalo, where he became a weekend newsman. In 1957, *when WKBW changed their format to top* 40 *music, Tom was hired to do a Sunday nite radio show. He wrote the theme song for the show,* Wild Weekend, *which became a big hit when Tom's own group, the ROCKIN' REBELS recorded it. Meanwhile, Tom was growing up and was now attending Buffalo State Teachers College.* Then DICK BIONDI left KWBW and the station manager decided Tom was the only strong man around to fill Dick's shoes. So for five years he held the #1 rating at WKBW. What's more, after graduating college, Tom taught 8th graders for a year, working his radio show after school.

Above, gorjus Tom and below, MGM exec Danny Davis, Bertha (WDCR) Porter, TL's TJ and Tom-Tom Shannon.

Now Tom is at CKLW in Detroit, Mich. He's on the air every p.m. from 6:30 to 10:30 and if you tune him in at 80 on your dial you'll hear the the swingingest in new sounds.

Tom, who's mad about traveling, speaks 4 languages fluently—Spanish, Italian, French and Hebrew. One of this favorite hobbies is singing, which he does every day in the shower! Another love of this handsome bachelor is producing records. Of course, he doesn't get much time, but isn't it amazing to think how much this guy has on the ball? And there's more, more, more, too, but no space to tell it so we suggest you join the Tom Shannon Fan Club to find out the rest of his story. Write: Tom Shannon, c/o CKLW Studios, Detroit, Michigan. And while you're at it, why not send Tom your most luvable birthday greetings . . .

DISCO TEENS

"Have records, will travel," TL's own TJ says. Dance to his gear sounds and swing!

Left, TJ swingin' at the World's Fair with the fab Gleams and The Shadows!!

TJ with Dave (WNRI) Grady & teens at Mt. St. Charles Academy, Woonsocket, R. I.

Right, there's TJ with teens at Temple Israel in White Plains, N. Y. Fun!

TJ with the Mt. St. Charles Academy Comettes attended by 1300 teens. A record!

DINGY TEETH *made* RADIANT WHITE

Like a movie-star smile in 3 minutes with wonderful new cosmetic enamel!

Are you smile shy because of discolored, dull and unattractive teeth? Then try WYTEN, a marvelous new "Dental Cosmetic" for an attractive new glamorous look — a key to success and romance. Just brush on and in seconds you transform discolored, yellow and dingy teeth into a sparkling white finish that appears so pearl-like and natural. WYTEN is used by thousands of smart women and theatrical folks to cover up stains, blemishes and even gold fillings. Dental formula used for natural as well as false teeth. Completely safe and harmless.

Read what WYTEN users say from some of the many unsolicited testimonials received:

"I am so thrilled as to how beautiful and white my teeth are from using WYTEN. All the girls where I work ask me if I have new teeth. My teeth were so yellow and unattractive. Now they are beautiful. I just love it."
—Miss L. B., Gloucester City, N. J.

"I like that new cosmetic enamel product. It is most wonderful. It does make your teeth look so beautiful white.
—Miss D. M., Tonowanda, N. Y.

"I have enjoyed it very much. I have highly recommended this product. Does wonders for your teeth."
—M. S., Akron 2, Ohio

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CUTTING UP CHAD, JEREMY,

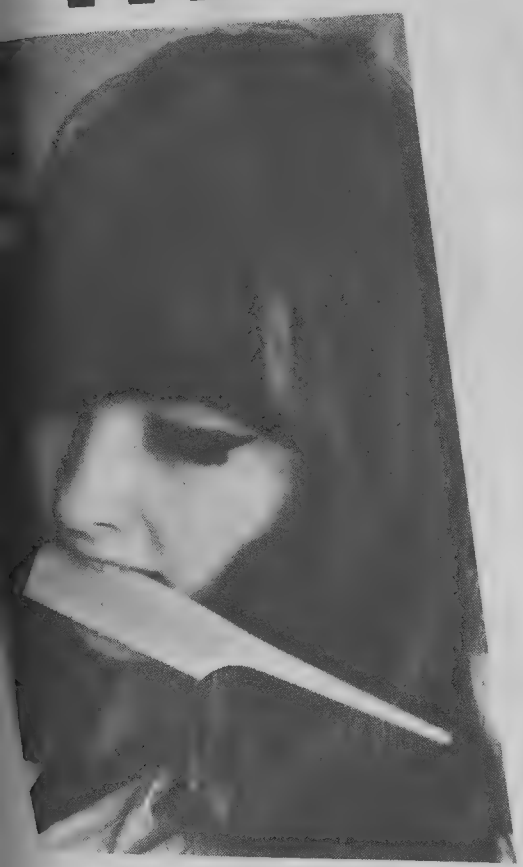
Call it snipping, call it clipping—the result's still bound to crack you up as the boys get their locks chopped. There's more, too, so do read on . . . and on . . .

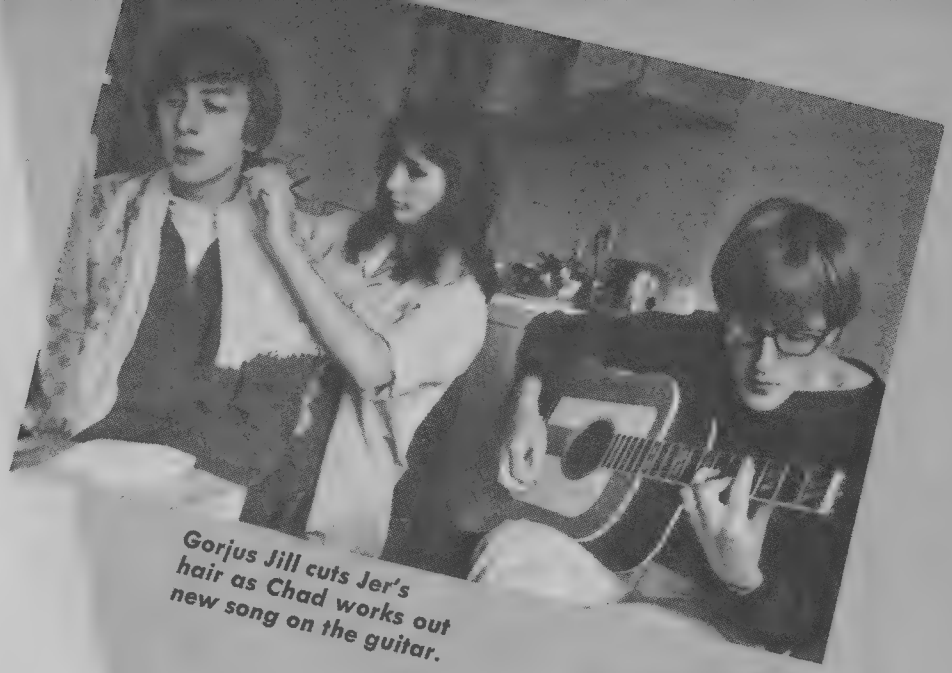
NEVER has there been anything like it. But don't get us wrong; we wouldn't have it any different. What in the world are we talking about? Why CHAD, JEREMY and JILL, of course and their wild, wonderful, wacky but ever-so-loyal friendship. Jill and Chad Stuart are married and Jeremy Clyde is Chad's singin' partner. But the three are such close friends that they've just moved into a five-and-a-half room apartment on Wilshire Blvd. in Hollywood, California! And wow! now it's cutting up time 24 hours a day!

According to Jeremy, "It's a marvelous arrangement because when Jill washes her hubby's socks, she throws mine in, too!"

And Jill wouldn't have it any other way. The extra work doesn't bother her; it's more important that her husband's best friend isn't left alone and

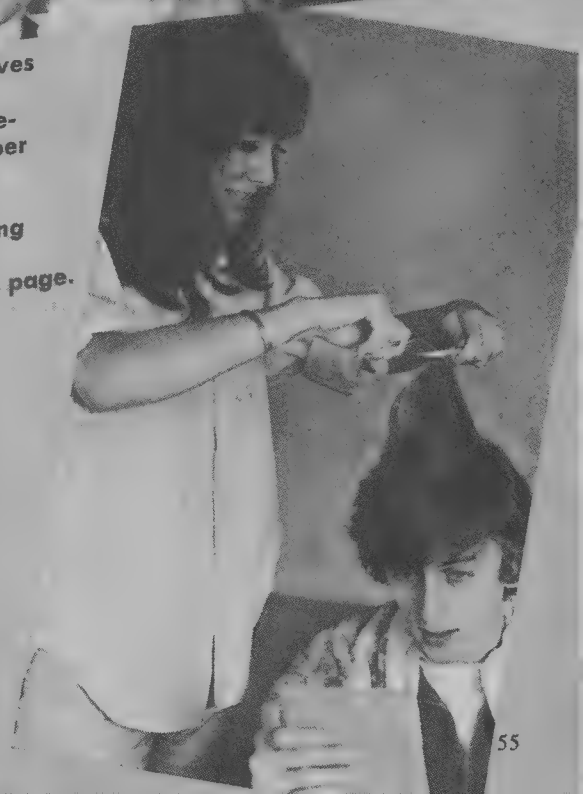
WITH and JILL





Gorjus Jill cuts Jer's hair as Chad works out new song on the guitar.

Above, Chad gives Jill a helping hand as they de-decide the proper length for the sides. Then it's back to snipping (rt.) View results at top of page.



lonely in a strange new city. And that's one of the reasons why Chad loves Jill so much. There is such a tenderness, a kindness about her. You've noticed it, too, haven't you?

Though Chad and Jeremy are kept busy with their singing and recording commitments and Jill with her various modeling assignments, the three usually start off the morning with a hearty breakfast together. Then Chad kisses his wife goodbye and they all set out to work. Late at night they meet again, and over a cup of coffee at their round diningroom table discuss the day's happenings.

On weekends there's more time to cut up. Often they run down to a nearby beach and as they race each other along the sand, they look like adorable children. In a way, that's just what they are . . .

I WAS A BEATLE GIRL FOR TWO YEARS

(Editor's Note: In the September issue of TL, darling MAUREEN PAYNE told you how she managed to get a job in BRIAN EPSTEIN'S office so that she could work for and with THE BEATLES! It was like an exciting episode out of a JAMES BOND movie, but she finally landed her dream job. Now continue Maureen's intimate story of her two years as a Beatle girl.)

* * *

MY whole life changed after I went to work for The Beatles. Suddenly, girls I hadn't heard of since high school days would ring up and be very chummy. Everyone wants to be your friend if you know the Beatles.

The fans not only sent letters to the office, but gifts as well. When RINGO was in the hospital, he received thousands of gifts. One box was so smelly that we had to open it and it contained a cake, molded and green, sent by a girl in America. He also got cuddly toys, Old Spice cologne, a kitten, a dog and scarves. Paul, I must say, gets the most fan mail. But there is no jealousy among them about things like that. They take most of their gifts and give them to hospitals and charities.

As a group, I believe that the Beatles have adjusted themselves to fame far better than any other group I've ever met. Some of the less famous groups in England really act like big shots, but the Beatles never do. Once in a while JOHN will get short-tempered, but that's usually when he thinks an outsider is trying to take advantage of them. And you can take it from me, people do try—but don't succeed, often.

That's one thing the boys won't tolerate . . . anyone trying to "use" them . . . Their second pet peeve is segregation. They will not appear before a segregated audience, and they think what goes on here in America in the South, in particular, is positively unbelievable.

The boys share many interests in common. It isn't any secret that John, Paul, George and Ringo smoke. They also drink—not in excess, of course—but they feel this is a private matter. They also feel that they shouldn't be given the task of setting a good example for teenagers to follow, as this is the job of every parent. They are individualists.

The Beatles love movie cameras and their favorite pastime is taking movies of one another taking movies of one another. John, for instance, will photograph Ringo while he's photographing George. The results are really something to see.

They adore BURT LANCASTER, and one of their biggest thrills in America was visiting his home and meeting their idol. When they returned to London they had a special screening held of Burt Lancaster's new movie, *The Train.*

The boys love movies and see as many as possible. They see all of them in private screenings because, as you can imagine, if they went to a regular movie house they'd be mobbed.

JAMES BOND is one of their favorite characters, and they've seen all of the *Bond* films.

The most fun they had was making *A Hard Day's Night*, and they were knocked out by the critical acclaim it received. John

said: "Why, even *Time Magazine* liked it!" Those reviews and the crowds that greeted them at the airports in America impressed them more than anything that's happened to them since they became stars.

One of their favorite expressions is garbage . . . anything *they don't like is garbage.*

Traveling or at home, they always eat cornflakes and toast for breakfast. I don't know why, but that meal never seems to vary. Paul is mad for cheese, and will nibble it while in rehearsal, or riding in a car.

Ringo loves boats and he had a London manufacturer put on a private show just for him this year.

The boys all love to tease and are all big cut-ups. They nickname everyone. NEIL ASPINALL, their road manager, and the "Fifth" Beatle, is nick-named NELL or NELLIE.

They call BRIAN EPSTEIN "EPPIE" and my nickname was NEMS, for North End Music Stores. It started because when one of them called I would answer the phone, "North End Music Stores," and Ringo or John would say, "Mm-mm, North End Music Stores, what a funny name. You shouldn't be stuck with a name like that. We'll call you NEMS for short."

When Ringo calls up the office he usually answers the phone by singing "Top O' the Morning," then sometimes he sings everything he has to say rather than talking it.

Their sense of humor is all the same—all very IN, but they have different personalities. They get along extremely well. They're as *close as brothers and no one can come between them. If there was a Chief Beatle, I suppose it would be John, but officially there really isn't a chief.*

At rehearsals they love to pull gags. They call themselves the ROLLING PINS (for ROLLING STONES), or make up other silly names. When they have to do *It's a Hard Day's Night* at rehearsals, they sing *It's Been a Hard Boiled Egg* instead. They love parties and give many of their own. Once I had a party and Ringo came with MAUREEN (now his bride and a mother-to-be), and I hadn't even invited him because I hadn't thought he'd want to come.

Ringo's Maureen is the same age as I am (18½); she also has dark hair and she used to work in the Liverpool office. As a result, people were always getting us mixed up and thinking I was Ringo's girl. The very thought of dating Ringo or any other Beatle makes me feel faint. They're really that wonderful.

The truth is that we weren't allowed to date any of the Beatles, but I was happy just working for them. It was different with Maureen. She had known him before she came to work for NEMS. Ringo's Maureen is just an ordinary Liverpudlian, a very nice girl, and this makes English girls happy because they think if an average girl got a Beatle, maybe they could too. At least we can dream, can't we?

Of course I could go on and on raving and raving about the Beatles, but I'll have to save more tidbits for another time. I'll tell you where and how they live next month.

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DINOSAURUS! Starring WARD RAMSEY!	☐	☐	
THE GIANT CLAW! Chills and Thrills!	☐	☐	
CURSE OF THE DEMON! Frenzy! Fury!	☐	☐	
REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN! A Classic!	☐	☐	
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JERRY LEWIS CONDUCTS NUTNIKS

IF you sneak up on JERRY LEWIS between scenes of The Family Jewels, **you'll find him doubled over . . . from laffing at your NUTNIKS. Sometimes he reads 'em aloud to his cast and crew, just to liven-up the goings-on on Paramount's sprawling Marathon Avenue lot. You know, of course, TL will pay you $2.00 for every NUTNIK published. So send in your funnies to our Nutnik editor, c/o TEEN LIFE, P.O. Box 3585, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017.**

Tommy Galloway of Wilmington, Delaware:

A proud 16-year-old boy turned into a driveway at the wheel of the family car. Several younger brothers came up to the car. "I passed my drivers test," he shouted. "You guys can all move up one bike."

* * *

Here are two cuties from Eleanor Flinn of Rome, N.Y. . . .

That's Life!

Sometimes I sit and wonder,
at life's very funny way;
It seems as though every famous
man, was born on a holiday.

* * *

Cop to man going the wrong way on a one-way street: "Where do you think you're going?" Man: "I don't know, but I must be late. Everyone else is coming back already."

* * *

You'll love this one from Donna Zelus of Chicago, Ill.:

"Without a doubt," roared the officer, "you're the stupidest guy in the whole U.S. Army." "Can't help it," replied the recruit. "I wuz born that way." "Just answer me two simple questions," continued the officer. "First, what would happen if one of your ears was shot off?" "That's easy, sir," replied the G.I. "I wouldn't be able to hear." "OK," said the officer. "Next, what if both your ears were shot off?"

"Then, I couldn't see," the recruit answered. "Couldn't see?" yelled the officer. "Well, if both my ears were shot off, my helmet would slide down over my eyes."

* * *

Here is a giggle from Jeanette Peterson of Joliet, Ill.:

Father: (looking at his son's report card) "One thing is in your favor, son. With these grades, you couldn't possibly be cheating."

* * *

Vallie Huchko of Trumbull, Conn., sent in these three gear ones:

Sue: "Do you have any trouble making decisions?"

Sally: "Well, yes and no."

* * *

Lady of the House: "I don't need none!"

Salesman: "How do you know? I might be selling grammar books."

* * *

Have you ever wondered why mountain climbers are roped together? It's to keep the sensible one from going home.

* * *

Credit Rea Miller of Lansing, Mich., for this funny:

Paul: "Have you heard the story about the dirty window?"

Sue: "No."

Paul: "Never mind. You couldn't see through it anyway."

* * *

TEENAGERS

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The Slim-Pak Plan is not a fad or crash diet; contains no drugs. Especially developed for the "compulsive" eater who has "tried everything"— and failed.

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"I was getting desperate. I found I could not leave food alone. Now I have lost inches and pounds making it possible to get back in my size 9 again!"

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These are excerpts from unusual unsolicited letters. Your degree of success with the Slim-Pak obviously depends on YOU, but remember:

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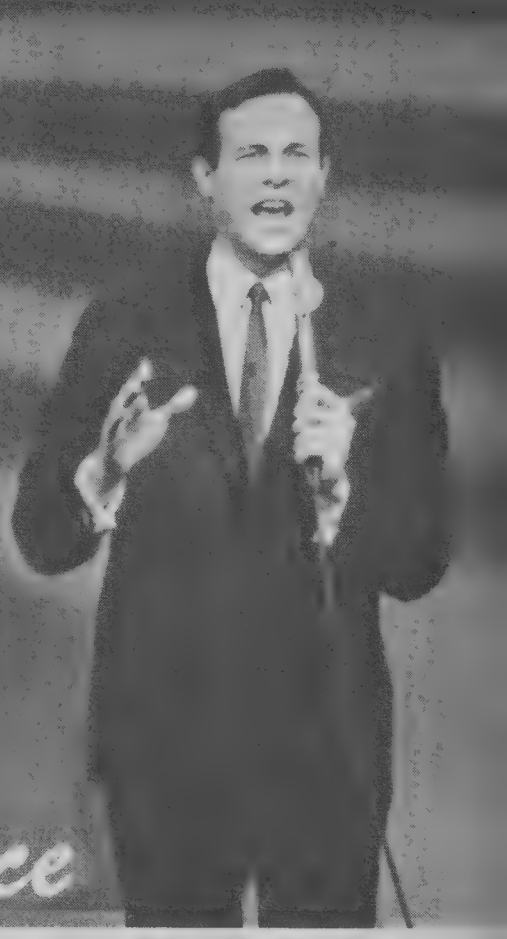
Cousin Bruce takes time out from his hectic schedule to chat with you about your favorite recording stars. Scoopy stuff!

on the GO! GO! with Cousin Bruce



THE most unbelievable things have been happening to me, and I have YOU to thank, thank, THANK! You are the best cousins a cousin ever had. RICK SKLAR, program director of WABC, just told me that my *Saturday Party* has the biggest rating of any other radio show! Not only that, Cousins, but my nightly radio show has staggeringly wonderful ratings, too . . . so is it any wonder that I embrace everyone of YOU with a hug and a big kiss. Just call me your kissin' cousin.

Talking about cousin Rick reminds me that he's the guy who thought up the most exciting event that took place at the recent BEATLE concert in Forest Hills. It was Rick's idea to stage the most GIGANTIC BEATLE SINGALONG with 80,000 Beatlemaniacs blending their voices as one. Rick made entertainment history that night, and it's still the talk of the town. If you don't mind my bragging, I must say that WABC is always the FIRST with new ideas, discovering new talent and putting on the most sensational shows. For instance, we were the FIRST to spot and spotlight the BYRDS. The boys—they're all so handsome—record on the Columbia label.

Since so many of you have asked me about the English groups, let me tell you that they still are the biggest thing on records, TV and in personal appearances. It is no longer called the Liverpool sound, or the Mersey sound, or what have you; now it's called the English sound, period. The interesting thing is that the American groups are copying the English sound; I guess they have to if they want to stay in business. Which is kind of funny because all the English groups, including The Beatles and the ROLLING STONES, have admitted that they copied the American sound. But of all the American groups, the most popular is still the one and only

Warner's Pet Clark & Capitol's ex-GI Bobby Rydell.

Cousin Bruce with handsome program director, Rick Sklar, who made WABC America's #1 radio station.

Trini Lopez continues to reign as Reprise label's top artist.

BEACH BOYS. Nobody tops these boys. Their sound is gear.

I shared a table at the Copa with SOUPY SALES to catch BOBBY VINTON'S debut at this swank cafe. Soupy told me about TONY and the TIGERS who made their recording debut on Roulette records. He said he's irked at his sons who watch GO!-GO! on Monday nights instead of the Soupy Sales show, which happens to be on at the same time. All I could do to console Soupy was to tell him that his sons have good taste.

I wish you could meet GARY LEWIS in person and get to know this unusual boy. He's so modest.

Thanx for paying me a visit at Palisades Amusement Park in Palisade, N.J. during my live broadcast from the world's greatest funnery. And keep coming, please.

Tony & the Tigers (above) record on Roulette. Cousin Bruce at Palisades Amusement Park.

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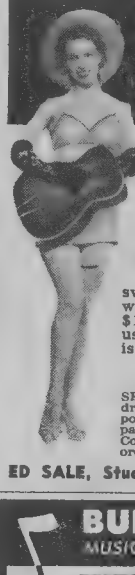

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YOUR SUMMER PARTY

PATTI CHANDLER, the gorjus gal from the AIP gang, digs giving all different kinds of parties. "This month, I'd like to give you some tips on what I call a 'Party Italiano.' Different —yet loads of fun. And for an inexpensive touch I get the atmosphere of Italy with checked tablecloths and candles stuck in empty wine bottles. The food? Mama Mia!

1. For tasty eatin' I make a big pot of spaghetti and meatballs. The day before the party, mix together chopped meat, salt, garlic, oregano, bread crumbs and an egg. Roll into balls about the size of a small egg. Wrap in foil and refrigerate.

2. 5 minutes before the kids arrive, start a big pot of water to boil and put meatballs in broiler. When the doorbell rings, add salt and spaghetti to the pot and turn over the meatballs. Set the table beforehand, so that you'll have more time to be with your guests.

3. Start the gang playing a game of passing around pieces of paper with answers on them. The guests supply the questions and it's riotous.

4. Meanwhile, make an antipasto (Italian salad) of lettuce, olives, salami, tomatoes, and peppers. Pour oil and vinegar over it, then call everyone to the table to gobble it down.

5. By now, the spaghetti and meatballs should be done. Add tomato sauce, heat, and serve with Italian bread. Dee-eeelish! For dessert, serve Italian ice cream—spumoni or tortoni.

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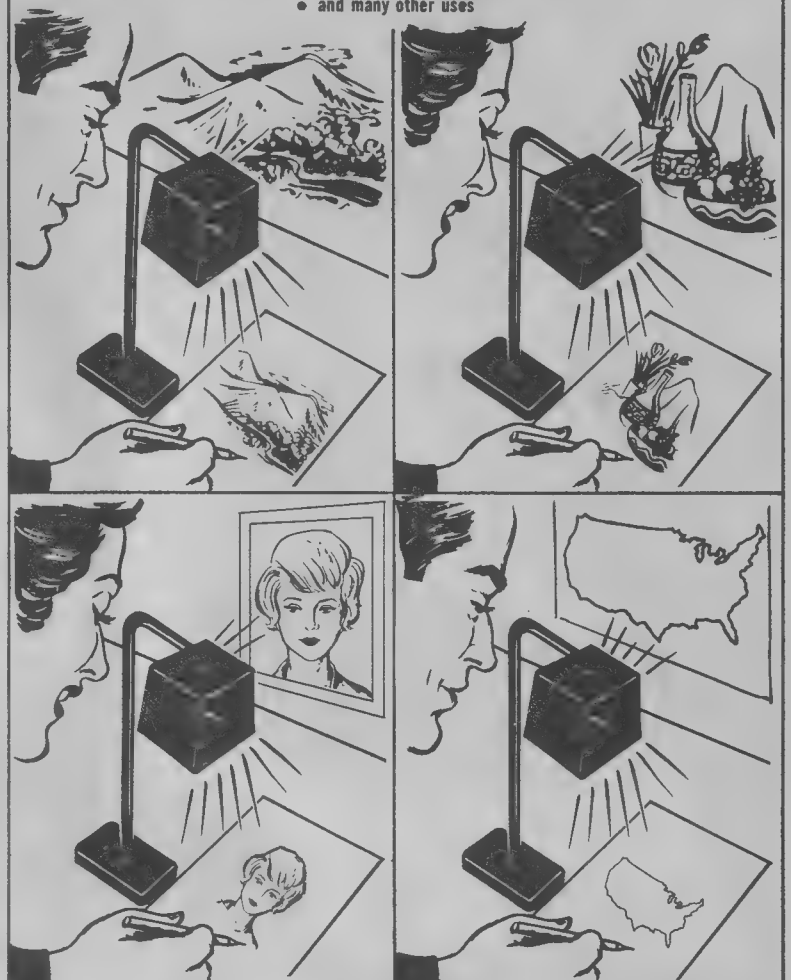

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YOU'RE IN BEATLESVILLE!

John, you can see, is also a ham at heart. WOW!

And through it all Ringo remained poker-faced . . .

(Continued from page 3)

must say my version of the school uniform didn't go down very well with the masters, specially the headmaster. I used to do myself up in tight trousers, waistcoat and suede shoes. I reckoned it was all very fashionable, but obviously the ones in charge had a different view of what should be worn." So even as a teen (George was born on February 25, 1942), he was something of a rebel. The other kids admired him for his courage to be different, even though they didn't dare follow in George's lead.

"Apart from girls and listening to records with girls" the Beatle Book continued, *"I put driving as my big hobby. I thoroughly enjoy a long drive, but though I rate myself good behind the wheel, I'm not so sure the police agree."* But of course, George was only kidding because he loves life too dearly to indulge in anything crazy behind the wheel. *"Why should I jeopardize my life and the lives of others by exceeding the speed limit. It doesn't make sense."* Of course it doesn't.

George is close to his family. He has a sister, LOUISE, now married and living in America, and two brothers, PETER and HARRY. His parents, HAROLD and LOUISE HARRISON, won't let their son spoil them with extravagant gifts. But George ignores them and continues to shower them with lovely things he picks up in his travels around the world. "That's what money is for," George said, "to buy things for those you love." It is enough for his family that George is a loving son and brother. "I owe everything to my parents," George told us. "They put up with the racket I kicked up when I first started learning to play instruments. I know they're poud of us and that's a nice comforting feeling." George is a sentimental kind of guy and has never outgrown his old friends.

"Of course I don't see my old chums as often as I'd like but they understand. They know I haven't gone high-hat. My family wouldn't sit still for that kind of nonsense," George smiled, and when he smiles it's like warm sunshine.

What tickles George is the way girls keep asking about the kind of girls he likes to date. "They must think I'm some kind of expert on the subject. I don't have any hints for girls on how to become more popular, or how to dress or talk. I know what I like and don't like." It's noticeable that what George likes is petite blondes who have a delicious sense of humor. To put it into two lovely words: PATTI BOYD! It is more than obvious that she is George's type. Aside from her beauty, which is considerable, Patti understands George . . . his moods, which consist of highs and lows and inbetweens, and his many, many interests. She shares them with him. And she's not a clinger—meaning, possessive. She doesn't pout when he looks at another girl, or when girls make a fuss over him.

Before Patti came into his life, George dated up a storm. And so did Paul before JANE ASHER came into his life. And so did RINGO before MAUREEN COX came into his life. Only John stuck to one girl and one girl only—his high school sweetheart, CYNTHIA. But of Cynthia and the other girls, TL has much more to tell . . . so be sure to return NEXT MONTH The Beatle story is just beginning . . .

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18. Somewhere
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23. All Day And All of the Night
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28. Busted
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34. Once Upon A Time
35. Three Window Coupe
36. Chapel Of Love
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